

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC



NEWS

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MRS. HOWARD PAUL.

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Chief Traffic Manager.

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## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—Every Evening at 6.30, REBECCA. Messrs. J. Fernandez, W. Teriss, A. Glover, J. Johnstone, R. Dolman, A. C. Lilly Ford, H. Vaughan, H. Kemble, W. S. Parkes, E. Travers, &c.; Mesdames Genevieve Ward, Gainsborough, Page, Clara Jecks, &c. To conclude with the opening of the Pantomime of ALADDIN; or, THE WONDERFUL LAMP, terminating with the Transformation Scene. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 6.50. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily. Morning Performances of the Pantomime every Wednesday, and Saturday. Doors open at 1.30; commence at 2.

## LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.

THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mead; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pauncefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

## ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—MR. HENRY

Neville, Sole Lessee and Manager.—Last nights of the great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS. THE GARRET SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Vollaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Erinstone, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 2s. Doors open at 6.30.

GAIETY.—MORNING PERFORMANCE,  
WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEB. 24.

SCENES and SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE:—Mr. Creswick as 'Hamlet'; Mr. Horace Wigan as 'Polonius'; Mrs. Fairfax as 'Juliet'; Mr. Charles Warner (by kind permission of Messrs. James and Thorne) as 'Romeo'; Mrs. Fairfax as 'Rosalind'; Mr. Charles Warner as 'Orlando'; Mrs. Fairfax as 'Lady Macbeth.' Shakespeare's Songs by Miss Edith Wynde.

## GLOBE THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mr. FRANCIS FAIRIE.—This, and Every Evening, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Company will make their appearance at this Theatre in a Grand Pantomime Bouffe (by H. B. Farrie, Esq.), entitled BLUE BEARD. Characters in the opening by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, George Beckett, &c.; Mesdames Rachel Sanger (specially engaged), Ella Chapman (her first appearance in England), Topsy Venn, Emily Duncan, Courtney, Russell, D'Aquila, Kathleen Irwin, &c. Characters in the Harlequinade: Columbine, Miss Lydia Thompson; Harlequin, Mr. George Beckett; Clown, Mr. Willie Edouin; Pantaloons, Mr. George Barrett; Policeman, Mr. Lionel Brough. New and elaborate Scenery by Messrs. Maitby and Hann. Costumes by Madame Wilson and Sam May, from designs by Alfred Thompson, Esq. Produced under the direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson. Incidental to the Bouffe will be Two Tableaux, arranged by John O'Connor, Esq. (and realised by living figures), the one after the celebrated picture of "The Roll Call," the other "Una" (after Frost's picture from Spenser's "Faerie Queene"). Full band and chorus of sixty. "Blue Beard" will be preceded (at seven) by the Comedietta, A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. Misses Rachel Sanger, Kathleen Irwin, Thérèse de Valery, G. R. Ireland, and George Barrett. Box plan now open. A Morning Performance of "Blue Beard" to-day, Saturday, at two.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—THIS EVENING,  
at 7, A WHIRLIGIG.

At 7.45, the New and Original Comedy, in three acts, entitled OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with, at 10, revival of the celebrated Classical Burlesque, ROMULUS AND REMUS, by R. Reece. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, Charles Warner, C. W. Garthorne, J. Bernard, W. Lestocq, and Thomas Thorne; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Kate Phillips, Cicely Richards, and Sophie Larkin.

## CRITERION THEATRE, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.

SOLE PROPRIETORS and responsible Managers, SPIERS and POND.—Every Evening, at 8, LES PRES SAINTE-GERVAIS new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston, Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists, Madame Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

## ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, INTRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS: Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Grahame, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS: Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and

Manager, Miss MARIE LITTON.—Last Six Nights.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, DREADFULLY ALARMING. After which, at 8, MAGGIE'S SITUATION: Miss Litton. To conclude with, at 9, the Comedy in four acts, entitled BRIGHTON, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham, will sustain his original character, supported by Miss Litton, &c. Miss LITTON'S Farewell BENEFIT on FRIDAY NEXT.

## PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

SHEPHERD.—SATURDAY, FEB. 20, and Every Evening, at 8.15, Balfe's Opera of THE BOHEMIAN GIRL—Thaddens, Mr. Nordblom; Arnhem, Mr. Frank Celli (his first appearance here); Arline, Miss Munroe; Gipsy Queen, Mlle. Manetti. Preceded, at 7.30, by THE WATERMAN. The great English Prima Donna, Miss Rose Hersche, is engaged, and will appear on Saturday, the 27th inst., in Wallace's Opera of MARITANA.

## NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.

Powerful attraction for Six Nights only.—The Great Pantomime, ROBINSON CRUSOE, with its wonderful scenic effects; and the Drama of EAST LYNNE—Lady Isabel, Miss Sarah Thorne. On MARCH 1 the entire Company from the Court Theatre, in the successful Comedy, BRIGHTON.

## GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor,

MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.—"Good wine needs no bush."—THIS EVENING, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SNIP, SNAP, SNORUM; or, HARLEQUIN BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES. Mr. George Conquest (who will introduce his wonderful phantom flight), assisted by George Conquest, jun., Messrs. Campbell, A. Williams, Grant, Osmond, Inch; Misses Delamaine, Cooke, Lizzie Conquest, Victor, Denvil Inch, and Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Corps de Ballet. Private Boxes can be booked at all the Libraries.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

## BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Every

Evening, at 7.45, THE BLACK STATUE; or, THE ENCHANTED PILLS AND MAGIC APPLE-TREE: Mrs. S. LANE and Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT: Messrs. Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Holland; Mdles. Summers, Randall, Rayner. The Great LUPINO TROUPE of PANTOMIMISTS and JUVENILE HARLEQUINADE. Preceded by, at 6.45, a new Drama, entitled THE MORTGAGE DEEDS: Miss Bertha Adams, Miss M. Bellair; Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Newbound, &c.

## ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr.

JOHN BAUM.—Immense Success of Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON. Written by H. B. Farrie. Mesdames Kate Santley, Lemno Grey, Grace Armitage, and Julie Mathews; Messrs. H. Paulton, J. Rouse, W. M. Terrott, W. Worboys, and C. Heywood.

## ALHAMBRA.—The GRAND BARBARIC

BALLET, the Wonder of London.—Mdles. Pitteri, Pertoldi, Sidoni, and M. Dewinne. The magnificent Dresses and Costumes designed by A. Thompson, Esq. The increased Orchestra, conducted by Mons. G. Jacobi. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s. Box-office open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Doors open at 6.45; commence at 7.15.

## PERABOUFFE.—

Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OLEY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing-cross.

## MR. F. K. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of

Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE (late Astley's).—Owing to the Great and Glorious Success of this Gorgeous Production, the MORNING PERFORMANCES will be CONTINUED EVERY DAY until SATURDAY, FEB. 20, after which date every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday only, commencing at Two o'clock; evenings at Seven o'clock. Seven Hundred People, Camels, Dromedaries, Buffaloes, Spanish Oxen, Horses, Ponies, a round dozen of Performing Elephants, and the only White One ever seen in England. The Performing Horses are perfection, the Equestrian Artistes are the gems of the profession. Acrobats, Gymnasts, Contortionists, and the African Blondin are far superior to any others in the same line of business. Private Blondin are far superior to any others in the same line of business.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE (late Astley's).—On SATURDAY, Feb. 27, will be produced upon a scale of magnificence, TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, Turpin by the Great American Actor, WASHINGTON CROWHURST. Black Bess, the finest trained horse in the world. An entire change in the Circus Department. Great trial of skill by the English, American, and French artistes, turning somersaults over from sixteen to twenty horses. Cannot be seen in any other establishment in the Kingdom. The Circus at 7; "Turpin's Ride to York, 8.15; The Great Pantomime at 9.30, terminating with the Grand Transformation Scene. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus. To allow an opportunity of introducing more of the attractive Scenes of the Arena for which the Cirque is so justly celebrated, the Opening of the Pantomime will be discontinued. The much-admired Garden Party at every representation, including all the distinguished visitors, and Rivière's song, "Beautiful Flowers."

A GRAND TRIAL OF SKILL IN LEAPING, introducing the great American Somersault-Thrower, Mr. Woods Cook; Mr. W. Randall (Lorne Lancers) on Eight Highly-Trained Horses; Madame Felix, with her Canine Wonders; and Little Sandy, the Drollest of the Drolls.

MORNING PERFORMANCE on SATURDAY NEXT, FEB. 20. Children under Ten, half price. Private Boxes, £1 10s. Box-office open at the Cirque from 10 to 4 daily.

COL. CORDOVA'S NEW DRAWING-ROOMS, Tichborne-street, Piccadilly-circus (nearly opposite the Criterion), is NOW OPEN for the Season, with Cordova's great Speciality, A NIGHT IN FAIRY LAND.

**EGYPTIAN HALL, LARGE DRAWING-ROOM,** Piccadilly, London.—W. MORTON, Manager.—Third Season in London. MASKELYNE and COOKE, the Royal Illusionists and Anti-Spiritualists. Daily at 3 and 8. Psycho, the Wonder of 1875, of which the "Times" of Jan. 22 says:—THE AUTOMATON CARD PLAYER. The new automaton invented by Mr. John Nevil Maskelyne and Mr. John Algernon Clarke, which appears twice daily in Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, is not a deception, like Baron Kempeler's renowned chessplayer. That, though it astonished all Europe late in the last and early in the present century, was but in part mechanical; and the chess-playing was really performed by a man inside—a Polish patriot named Worousky, who, having lost both his legs in battle, was able to conceal himself in very small spaces within the figure and the box table at which the figure was seated. Neither is the new automaton of the same class with Vaucanson's flute-player, which was exhibited and explained to the French Academy of Sciences in 1738. That superb piece of mechanism imitated the movements of the body, the fingers, the lips, the tongue, and the management of the breath of an expert performer on the flute. Sir David Brewster has recorded the fact that "for many years it continued to delight and astonish the philosophers and musicians of Europe"; but, like a barrel-organ, the machine only executed those particular airs which it was arranged to play. The marvel of the new invention of Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Clarke consists in these distinctive features—the figure has no living being within it; it is perfectly isolated from any connection—mechanical, electrical, magnetical, or otherwise conceivable—with any operator at a distance; and yet, nevertheless, it plays the game of whist with no little skill, performs arithmetical calculations, obeys by its movements the directions of any person in the audience, and accomplishes a number of very surprising feats with cards chosen and names written by the audience. "Psycho," as the automaton has been named, is a figure in Oriental costume, sitting cross-legged upon a small box, or pedestal, and, besides being too small to contain a dwarf or mutilated man, is inspected through openings in the box and *in* the body of the figure. Mr. Maskelyne, moreover, allows any person from the audience to ascertain for himself that no spaces whatever are hidden by mirrors or any contrivances. "Psycho" is just what he appears to be—a piece of mechanism, with the wheels, weights, strings, and levers visible without trick or concealment. He is first seen upon a table; but, to isolate him from external control, he is then placed upon a stand of thin transparent glass—this consisting of one single piece—thoroughly examined by the audience before being set, clear away from the back or side scenes, and, in fact, in the centre of the stage. There is no attachment of any kind, the automaton resting loosely on the glass support, and in any position; and persons from the audience are allowed to watch it closely as possible round the figure while it is at work, and to re-examine the interior when they please. Under these searching guarantees that "Psycho" is perfectly self-acting, what is he seen to do? If any person gives him a sum to calculate in addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division, he shows the answer, one figure at a time, by opening a little door and sliding the figure in front of the aperture with a movement of his left hand. There is no pre-arrangement or collusion in this, for he proceeds to exhibit any numbers which anybody may call for. He plays a game at whist with any three gentlemen who may like to take a hand with him. The three players seat themselves at a side table and cut to decide which shall be "Psycho's" partner; and, after dealing, the thirteen cards for the automaton are placed on a quadrant-holder under the radial sweep of the figure's right hand, the cards standing upright, so that he can seize any one with his thumb and finger. "Psycho" turns his head and looks up or down, apparently studying the hand of cards on his quadrant; and, when his turn comes to play, he finds the best card available to him, raises it, holds it up in full view of the spectators (so that there is no trickery of substitution), and then puts it down in front of the quadrant. He will hold up any card again and again as often as desired by any person in the audience, and shakes hands with his partner at the conclusion of the game. He plays a good game, and, unless matched against very scientific players, commonly wins when he happens to get fair average hands dealt to him and his partner. Then follows a series of further illustrations of "Psycho's" mysterious power of intelligence. You help yourself to a card out of a pack, and he tells the suit and rank and number of spots by means of strokes on a bell. You privately mark any card in a pack which you shuffle and hold in your hands, and, upon the pack being placed in front of the automaton, he instantly finds the identical card, and holds it up, without possibility of substitution or deception. Again, you shuffle the pack, Mr. Maskelyne holds it behind him in full view of everybody, and "Psycho" tells the names of all the cards in succession, though the conjuror himself has not seen even the backs of them. Finally, Mr. Maskelyne informs the audience that the automaton is constructed to perform a number of other marvels of mechanism (not yet finished) by the aid of "secret intelligent force." How long this "dynamic mystery" may remain unsolved, in an age when the usual resources of conjurors are very well understood by many people outside the profession, it would be unsafe to predict; but for complete novelty of the effects produced this new automaton outdoes everything which has appeared since the subtle inventions of Robert Houdin.

By Royal command, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke performed at Sandringham before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and a distinguished party of guests on Jan. 11, 1875.

**D. LYNN**, as a humourist (says the "Times"), used to compete on equal terms with Artemus Ward, and his performance is the most wonderful and amusing that ever composed an evening's entertainment.

**D. LYNN**.—Well may the public also ask, What will Dr. Lynn do next? and an answer to the inquiry will be found below. The "Daily Telegraph" says the entertainment throughout has never been equalled, and that legerdemain and laughter have never been linked together in such happy combination.

**D. LYNN**.—The "Standard" says it is impossible to withhold the homage of admiration from Dr. Lynn's achievements, and that the discourse which accompanies Dr. Lynn's marvellous doings is an amusing performance in itself. What more can be said or written about the great original performer of ancient and modern mysteries?

**D. LYNN**.—PALENGENESIS.—Nothing has been seen in the metropolis that will bear comparison with Dr. Lynn's achievements.—Morning Post.

**D. LYNN**.—THIS AFTERNOON, at 3, and THIS EVENING, at 8; every lawful day throughout the year, at 3 and 8.—EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL. No fees; no charge for programme.

**S. HAYES' WEST-END BOX-OFFICE.** Cramer and Co., 199, Regent-street, W.—PRIVATE BOXES, Stalls, and Front-row Dress Circle, at every theatre in London.

**PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC**, in a weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

#### MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

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#### THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

#### MRS. HOWARD PAUL.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL was born at Dartford, in Kent. Her *début*, when very young, in the character of 'Captain Macheath' in the *The Beggars' Opera* was a remarkable success; and the name of Miss Featherston speedily held a front place in English opera. Added to a charming appearance, she evinced artistic and vocal powers of the highest order. After a series of operatic performances she played a round of comedy with the late G. V. Brooke at Drury Lane, and elicited the hearty commendation of critics and audiences. She created the bufo part in Duggan's opera

Levine. From Drury Lane she went to the Haymarket, and made her mark as 'Lady Gay Spanker,' and in several popular musical pieces. While still a girl she married Mr. Howard Paul, and at twenty-one years of age she may be said to have left the stage for the platform, commencing what was for some years known as "Mrs. and Mr. Howard Paul's Entertainment," for which her artistic instincts, her fine powers of mimicry, her genial sense of humour, and her magnificent voice soon made a world-wide popularity. She has twice visited America with her husband and the entertainment; and a few years ago she gave the French a rare illustration of English genius by her performance, in French, of 'La Grande Duchesse' and 'Drogan' in *Geneviève de Brabant*. Her pronunciation was pronounced perfect, and in her singing and acting there was all the *chic* of the French school with the repose of the English. If Mrs. Paul had not chiefly confined her attention to secular music and the creation of eccentric character, she might have taken her place with the most famous vocal interpreters of Handel. At a provincial festival she performed the wonderful feat of singing both the contralto and tenor music of *The Messiah*. While her 'Hecate' in *Macbeth* is the most striking realisation of the part we have ever seen; she showed high intelligence and tragic power in her delineation of 'Lady Macbeth.' At the present time, during Mr. Howard Paul's American tour, she is giving her own entertainment in the provinces, assisted by Mr. Pelham and Miss Navarre. She is popular wherever she goes, and is the only rival Mrs. German Reed has had in that peculiar and special walk which has made both names celebrated in connection with the best class of drawing-room entertainment. Like many other great artistes, Mrs. Howard Paul is a thoroughly domesticated woman, and, next to that of a popular entertainer, she plays the part of Lady Bountiful at her pleasant house in Regent's Park with the grace and hospitality of an English lady.

#### The Drama.

THE two pluralist managers, Messrs. Chatterton and Hollingshead, although taking opposite sides on the present vexed question of the compulsory closing of the theatres for dramatic performances on Ash Wednesday, are in perfect accord as to the judicious policy of reviving old standard plays or modern dramas that have already been successful, the six theatres under their respective management being now occupied with revivals. Mr. Chatterton, a fortnight since, at the Princess's replaced *Lost in London* by another revival, that of Mr. Byron's *Lancashire Lass*. On Thursday last week *The Dream at Sea* was succeeded at the Adelphi by the reproduction of the dramatic version, by Messrs. Mark Lemon and Tom Taylor, of Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's celebrated novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, brought out originally with great success in 1853; and on Saturday he revived, at Drury Lane, Mr. Halliday's spectacular drama *Rebecca*, founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," which, on its first production in the autumn of 1871, with Mr. Phelps as 'Isaac of York,' and Miss Neilson as his daughter 'Rebecca,' had a very long and successful career. All the old spectacular effects, pageantry, and striking scenes, including the Saxon Revels, the Siege of the Castle of Torquilstone, the Merry-making of Robin Hood and his Archers in Sherwood Forest, and the Tournament, are reproduced with all their original freshness and effectiveness. The characters of 'Isaac' and 'Rebecca' are now ably sustained by Mr. Fernandez and Miss Genevieve Ward, who are admirably supported by Mr. W. Terriss as 'Wilfred of Ivanhoe,' Mr. A. Glover as 'Brian de Bois Gilbert,' Mr. A. Mathison as 'King Richard,' Mr. Lilly as 'Robin Hood,' Miss Gainsborough as 'Lady Rowena,' Miss Page as 'Ulrica,' &c., &c. The revival has met with a second success, which is likely to last for the remainder of the season. It is followed by the opening of the pantomime.

Mr. Hollingshead followed suit at his three theatres on Monday evening, replacing *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Gaiety with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the attractive features of which are Mr. Phelps's impersonation of 'Bottom,' Mendelssohn's music, the picturesqueness of the scenery and of the fairy revels, and Mr. Alfred Thompson's exquisitely designed dresses. At the Opera Comique, *The Lady of Lyons* is succeeded by Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, with the principal characters supported by the same cast with which the comedy has recently been represented at the Gaiety matinées, including Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Young Marlow' and 'Miss Hardcastle,' Mr. Arthur Cecil as 'Tony Lumpkin,' Mr. Maclean as 'Mr. Hardeastle,' Mrs. Leigh as 'Mrs. Hardeastle,' &c. This comedy will be withdrawn after this evening and be replaced here, on Monday, by *As You Like It*, with the same cast as at the Gaiety matinée; but the boldest of Mr. Hollingshead's experiments was the revival, at the Holborn Amphitheatre, of Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Maid's Tragedy*, as altered by Sheridan Knowles for Mr. Macready, and produced by him at the Haymarket in 1837 under the title of *The Bridal*. Although three of the principal characters—'Evadne,' 'Melantius' (her brother), and the 'King'—were adequately sustained by Miss Leighton, Mr. Pennington, and Mr. E. N. Edgar, the general effectiveness was greatly marred by the weakness of the representative of 'Aspatia,' a part nearly as important as that of Evadne, and the seeming want of preparation of some of the other characters; but the most serious drawback arose from the absence, through illness, of Mr. Ryder, who was cast for the leading part of 'Amintor,' and which had to be read by Mr. Moxon. Under these depressing circumstances the performance fell somewhat flatly, and as yet the audiences attracted by this classical revival have been very sparse indeed. However, matters may be improved, as we perceive that Mr. Creswick commences an engagement this evening, and will strengthen the cast by appearing as Melantius. In addition to the foregoing, Mr. George Roberts's dramatic version of Miss Braddon's novel of "Lady Audley's Secret" was revived at the Globe on Saturday evening, for the reappearance on the London stage, after an absence of three years in America, of Miss Louisa Moore, who made her *réentrée* as the heroine, 'Lady Audley'; and the only other change during the week was at the Philharmonic, where *The Bohemian Girl* has been supplemented by the first act of the nautical drama of *Black-Eyed Susan*, with Mr. Shepherd as 'William' and Mdlle. Manetti as 'Susan.' Wallace's *Marietta*, with Miss Rose Hersée in the title rôle, is to succeed Balfe's opera here next week.

*As You Like It* again drew a crowded audience to the Gaiety on Saturday, and will be repeated, by desire, at the matinée today, instead of *The School for Scandal* previously announced, which is postponed till next Saturday. The usual day performances of the pantomimes took place at the different theatres. That at the Surrey, where Mr. Holland had invited the children of the City of London Freemen's Orphan School, being under the patronage of the Lord Mayor, who, with the Lady Mayoress and several members of their family, were present. *Blue Beard* was represented at the Globe; *Our American Cousin* at the Haymarket; and a fourth performance of Mr. Douglas's *Stage Land* was given at the Vaudeville.

On Monday evening the St. Valentine's Club gave a dramatic performance, at the St. James's Theatre, in aid of the funds of the News-sellers' Benevolent and Provident Institution. The programme comprised Mr. A. A'Beckett's *comediatta On Strike*, in which Miss Maria Daly and Miss Blanche Wilton lent their professional aid; a scene from *As You Like It*, and the play of *London Assurance*.

On Tuesday performances of the pantomime took place at the Surrey, in the afternoon and evening, for the second annual benefit of Mr. Holland, who, in the course of the evening performance, made one of his usual speeches in acknowledgment of the liberal patronage bestowed upon him, and setting forth his prospective managerial arrangements; and on Thursday a dramatic performance took place at the Crystal Palace, for the benefit of Mr. T. H. Friend, the company's stage manager. On this occasion Shakespeare's *Richard III.* was represented for the first time at Sydenham Palace, and with a very strong cast—including Mr. Creswick as 'Richard,' Mrs. Charles Viner as 'Elizabeth,' Miss Carlisle as 'Lady Anne,' and Master Percy Roselle as 'The Prince of Wales.'

The last two performances of Covent Garden pantomime take place this afternoon and to-night, when Mr. C. Rice's season terminates. The last three day performances of the pantomime at Drury Lane are announced for this afternoon and the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday next week. Astley's, the Surrey, and Hengler's have their day performances to-day, as well as the Globe and Haymarket; and to-night Mr. Cave revives, at the Marylebone, Grimaldi's celebrated pantomime of *Mother Goose*.

On Monday night the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and suite, paid a visit to the Olympic Theatre to witness the representation of *The Two Orphans*. After the performance the Prince sent for Mr. Neville and personally complimented him upon the excellence of the piece and the ability displayed by the several members of the company.

The Sheriff of Warwickshire has paid £150 as compensation for the illegal seizure of Mr. and Mrs. Rousby's theatrical wardrobe when they visited Leamington some time ago.

Mr. CRESWICK commences an engagement at the Surrey on March 27, when he will appear as 'Hamlet,' and subsequently in a series of his most famous characters.

Mr. CHARLES RICE to-night terminates his season at Covent Garden, where the last day performance of the splendid pantomime of *The Babes in the Wood* takes place this afternoon, and the final representation to-night.

**ROYAL PATRONAGE OF THE THEATRES.**—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied on each occasion by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, attended the Vaudeville Theatre on Friday evening (last week), and Covent Garden on Saturday.

The new series of dramatic performances, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, at the Crystal Palace, will commence on Tuesday next with Lord Lytton's play of *Money*, the cast of which will include Mr. David James, who will appear for the first time as 'Graves,' and Miss M. Oliver as 'Lady Franklin.' These performances will be continued on successive Tuesdays and Thursdays till March 16, and will include the *Lady of Lyons*, *The Road to Ruin*, *School for Intrigue*, *Marriage de Figaro*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. Powerful casts have been ensured by the engagement of the following eminent artistes:—Miss Madge Robertson, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Fowler, Miss M. Oliver, Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Rachel Sanger, Miss E. Duncan, Miss Carlisle, Miss Rorke, Miss Power, and Miss Ada Cavendish; Mr. W. Creswick, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. David James, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. John Ryder, Mr. W. Kendal, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Charles Sugden, Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. R. H. Teesdale, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. H. Standing, Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. W. Rignold, and Mr. Charles Wyndham.

A BENEFIT on a gigantic scale is being organised by a committee of influential gentlemen connected with the literary and dramatic world, to take place at Drury-Lane Theatre, on the morning of Thursday, March 4, on behalf of Mr. E. P. Hingston, so long associated with theatrical enterprises, and whose failing health compelled him recently to resign his duties as acting manager at the Criterion Theatre.

MISS HELEN BARRY will make her reappearance in London at the Princess's in *Round the World in Eighty Days*, which will be produced there towards the end of next month.

One of the first novelties at the Court Theatre will be a new comedy by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

MISS HARRIET COVENEY, one of our most versatile and clever actresses, announces her benefit at Drury Lane on Monday next—for which, however, it should be mentioned that her own tickets only will be of any advantage to the deserving and popular *bénéficiaire*.

*As You Like It* will be, by desire, repeated at the Gaiety matinée to-day, instead of *The School for Scandal* previously announced, which is postponed till next Saturday, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as Charles Surface and Lady Teazle.

THE VOYES FAMILY will appear in a new burlesque extravaganza at the Adelphi at Easter.

THE OLYMPIC VERSION of *The Two Orphans* will shortly be produced, by permission, at the Marylebone Theatre by Mr. Cave.

We are glad to learn that Madame Celeste is recovering from her severe illness.

MR. W. H. SLEIGH has secured the sole provincial right of the new play, *Abel Drake*, by Messrs. John Saunders and Tom Taylor, and has nearly completed an excellent company to commence his tour in the provinces. The play, founded on Mr. Saunders's excellent tale of "Abel Drake's Wife," is a domestic drama of powerful interest, abounding in stirring incidents and striking situations. Its dramatic effectiveness has been successfully tested at an experimental performance at Leeds.

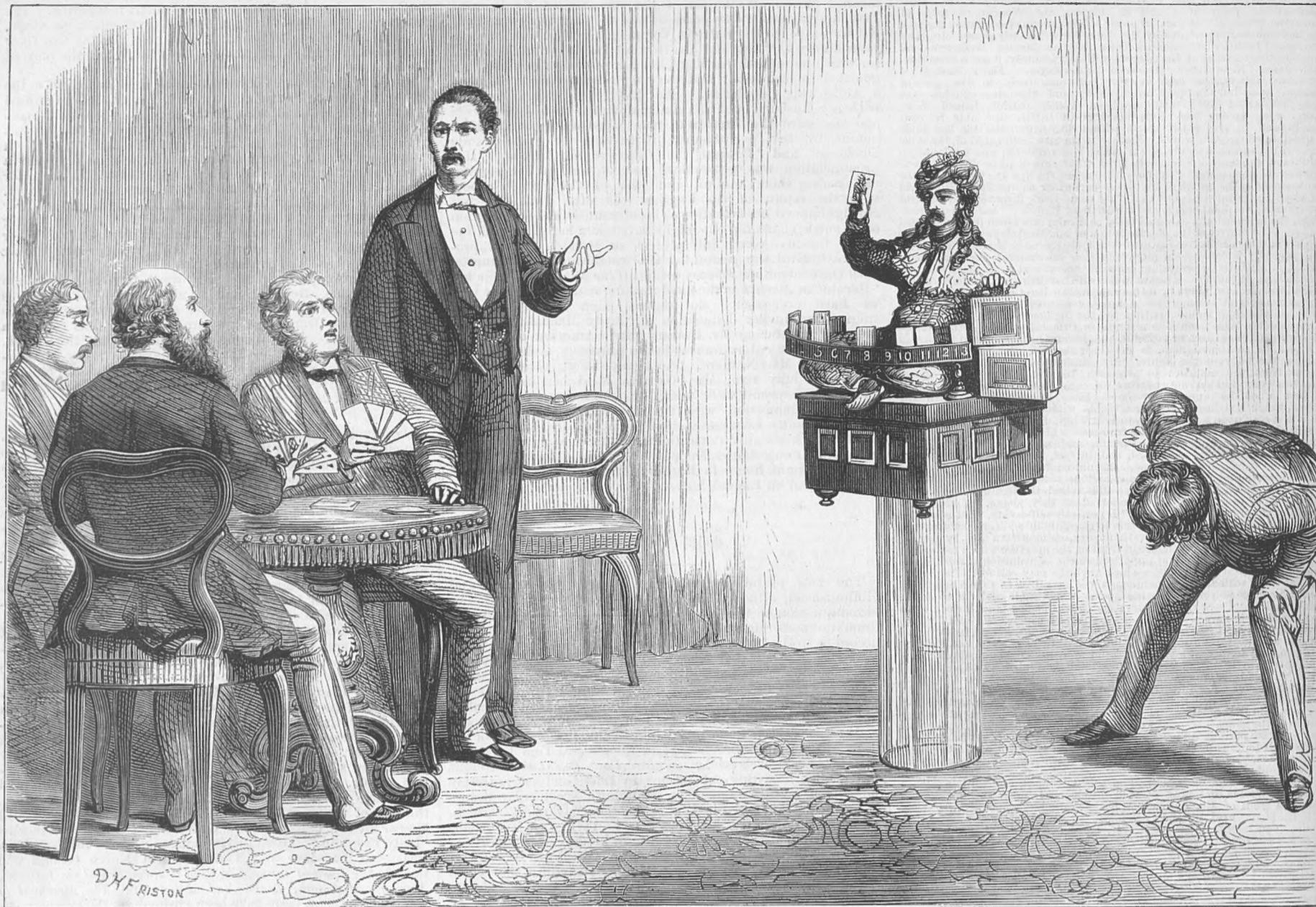
MR. HOLLINGSHEAD announces a morning performance at the Gaiety next Wednesday, to consist of *Scenes and Songs from Shakespeare*. Mr. Creswick will appear as 'Hamlet,' Mr. Horace Wiggin as 'Polonius,' Mrs. Fairfax as 'Juliet,' 'Rosalind,' and 'Lady Macbeth,' and Mr. Charles Warner as 'Romeo' and 'Orlando.' The Shakespeare songs by Miss Edith Wynne.

*As You Like It* will, after to-night, take the place of *She Stoops to Conquer* in the bill of the Opéra Comique, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Orlando' and 'Rosalind,' Mr. Hermann Vezin as 'Jacques,' and Mr. Arthur Cecil as 'Touchstone.'

MISS LITTON and her company from the Court Theatre appear at the Standard, on March 1, in a series of representations of the successful comedy of *Brighton*.

MR. CRESWICK joins Mr. Hollingshead's company at the Holborn Amphitheatre to-night, when he makes his first appearance as 'Melantius,' in *The Bridal*.

MR. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH (treasurer), of the Strand Theatre, announces his benefit for Thursday, March 4, when, in addition to the two attractive pieces *Old Sailors* and *Loo*, Miss Fanny Hughes (Mrs. E. Swanborough) will make her appearance and sustain the character of 'Nan' in *The Rough Diamond*.



"PSYCHO" AT MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE'S ENTERTAINMENT AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.



TRAGEDY.



POETRY.



HISTORY.

DECORATIONS AT THE NEW PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

## DECORATIONS AT THE NEW PARIS OPERA-HOUSE.

## THE PAINTINGS FOR THE DECORATION OF THE NEW OPERA, PARIS.

BY M. PAUL BAUDRY.

PAUL BAUDRY was born in the year 1829, at La Roche-sur-Yon, in La Vendée. His family belonged to the class of artisans. While very young he showed so much talent for drawing that the prefect of his department obtained for him a small pension, which enabled him to study in Paris. He became a pupil in the studio of Drolling and afterwards in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and worked with such extraordinary perseverance that at twenty-one he obtained the grand prize at the Roman Academy—an almost solitary instance at that age.

The designs sent by him while a student at the Villa Medicis were much noticed, especially the "Young Child with Fortune," now in the Luxembourg Gallery. Accomplished critics stood astonished in front of this picture. The figure of Fortune is taken from Titian, and that of the child seated on the edge of the well from Raphael's "Triumph of Galatea;" but the transparent colouring, the flowing outline, and the delicacy of touch are entirely due to the merits of the artist. Afterwards, while under the influence of Leonardo da Vinci, he accomplished a literal masterpiece of grace and poetry—a Leda standing in front of a dark wood, courted by the divine swan. "The Wave and the Pearl," which would undoubtedly



VRANIE.

ASTRONOMY.



THALIE.

COMEDY.



EVTERPE.

MUSIC.



TERPSICHORE.

DANCE.



CALLIOPE.

ELOQUENCE.

have borne the palm in the Salon of 1863 if the Academicians had not made every effort to exalt the insipid Venus of M. Cabaud, is in colour, attitude, and expression an incomparable masterpiece of the sensuous school of modern art. His portraits of Guizot, of Beulé, of an actress, Mdlle. Jeanne Essler, and many others, are distinguished by first-rate qualities, which influential criticism (now entirely in the hands of the Academy) has not honoured with sufficient notice. Lastly, M. Baudry, besides other decorations, has painted a splendid ceiling in Madame de Païva's house in the Champs Elysées.

I mention only his principal works. Their number is considerable, but they are too little known and appreciated by the public, which seldom sees M. Baudry's name in the annual exhibitions. Since he received from his friend, M. Charles Garnier, the order for these decorations, which will cover a space of 500 mètres, he has shut himself up in his vast atelier, established in the roof of the New Opera House. He lives there a real artist's life, leaving it only to make upon the spot—in Rome, Florence, or London—the copies or studies from Michael Angelo, Primaticcio, Correggio, and Raphael, which he requires to perfect his work.

His person is short and thickset, his complexion is dark, and his large head gives him a somewhat common appearance. He is not communicative, except in a small circle of political friends or old fellow-students. He is perfectly disinterested. He must not be held responsible for the somewhat vulgar notoriety excited by the exhibition of his works, which gave great offence to the public. I can give no opinion as to his conversation, having met him only once, when I visited his studio to ask him to lend some of his pictures to embellish an exhibition organised by the Society of the Friends of Art at

Bordeaux, to which he contributed a few portraits. He has just published in a newspaper a eulogistic article on Schnetz, formerly Director of the Roman School of Art, which he read a short time ago at a sitting of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The style is easy. He tells very agreeably some anecdotes which paint to the life old Schnetz, whose hospitable apartments have often been visited by his distinguished fellow-countrymen, and who made acquaintance with, and obtained as his models, the most picturesque brigands in the Abruzzi and the Campagna. This notice of the life and works of Schnetz (in the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle* of Sept. 2) does not contain any particularly new doctrine; it is an echo of what was formerly called in literature the "school of common-sense." M. Baudry laughs at "the taste for a false ideal and the conventional spirit which continually return to attack art in France like a periodical epidemic." On the other hand, he ridicules the term "realism," which in the beginning "expressed a tangible idea, but which has fallen so low that one hesitates now to employ it." He declares that he does not like revolutions in art, but that an impartial historian ought not to decry them indiscriminately, for they have a special property for extinguishing certain faculties in the most gifted men in order to develop others." This proposition, incontrovertible in itself, is rather obscure when applied to Granet and Géricault, who were eminently impressionable men. He is evidently an eclectic philosopher. The condemnation of this doctrine, which is more convenient than true, seems to us to be contained in the exclamation of Schnetz, who, entering one day the studio of Baudry, and, seeing on an easel a sketch of "Diana Surprised in Bathing," cried out, "Well, but the figure is too smooth, too much the same all the way down!" Baudry excused himself with a principle in fashion in aesthetic lectures and classical studies, "Unity." "Oh, yes! I understand," replied Schnetz. "Unity: there are a great many unities in the present day—of nations, of taxes, and of commerce. Allow me, at least, to adhere to the federation in favour of rose-tinted bosoms and knees, and blue-veined extremities."

These criticisms may be applied to all these decorations. The tone is clear, pure, pleasant to the eye as a bunch of wistaria or a branch of lilac blossoms, with a sober, quiet background in the taste of old tapestry. It is delicate without meagreness, refined without affectation, pale without being washed out. But it wants those powerful touches which light up a whole picture, and which our artists call so appropriately *des réveils*. M. Baudry, with an original inspiration for which we are willing to pardon many omissions, gives brightness and life to his pictures by the animated expression of the face and the brilliancy of the eyes. Perhaps he makes too much use of the eyes rounded like balls which he has admired in the pictures of Correggio. But this proof of the influence exercised by an admirable painter whose broad and delicate genius has been too much thrown into the shade by Raphael, seems to me to indicate a taste as artistic as it is intelligent. By this new element, and by his appreciation of female beauty, M. Baudry may exercise a useful influence over the present school of decorative artists.

It is feared lest the delicate effect of this painting should evaporate like the vapour of a perfume when the canvas is fixed at a great height in conspicuous carved gold frames. The architect ought to have foreseen this and have given practical advice to his friend. What is much more to be dreaded is the action of gas upon these paintings. The lobby will require 800 burners. The heat and disengaged vapours will be considerable. It has been proposed to have this painting copied by ordinary decorators. I suggested, in the *République Française*, having them rendered one by one in tapestry from the Gobelins manufacture. I fear that neither of these proposals will be adopted, and that these originals will have only a few years' existence.

There are three ceilings. In the middle of the great central ceiling, which is square, Melody and Harmony embraced are rising into the sky. On the left floats Glory, on the right is Poetry borne upwards by Pegasus. A group of geniuses play round the representation of a balustrade, which unites this glimpse into Heaven with the real building. On one of the oval corners of the ceiling is a figure of Tragedy. Melpomene is seated on a tripod; at her feet an eagle, a bird of prey threatens the world. On the right Fear; on the left Mercy, in the act of supplication.

The subject of the other ceiling is Comedy. This is the artist's greatest success. It is, in my opinion, an incomparable masterpiece of soft brilliancy and delicate playfulness. Even the French school of the eighteenth century did not equal it in expression. An old faun, covered with black hair, ostentatiously clad in a lion's skin, is scaling Olympus. But Thalia keeps watch over the bœufs. She has thrown him over. He rolls, furious and grotesque, from cloud to cloud. Thalia tears off his lion's skin, and slaps him, in fits of laughter. Wit, a bright flame on his forehead, bends his bow and pierces the faun with sharp darts like the stings of wasps. Love, frightened by the uproar, flies away laughing. The whole thing is as clear, as gay and as delightful as the scenes of genteel comedy in Regnard, for instance.

Let us now turn to the eight Muses, which seem to me the most original and modern portion of this great work. They are in the places intended for eight eagles, which were to have spread their wings in the eight corners. The Republic came at the right time for the fame of the artist, set the eagles free, and substituted for them eight charming young female figures draped and arranged with exquisite taste. The faces are varied and lifelike, for they are taken from those young maidens and mothers whose feeling and intelligence are the gentle and attractive attributes of our Gallic race. These figures are a glorious monument of the age, and will never be out of date, for the skill of the artist has fixed in them both the characters of the present time, and the perennial spirit of the French.

Melpomene is thoughtful; Erato is hiding a love-letter in her bosom; Clio holds the heroic trumpets; Urania, a charming child, raises her eyes to the starry vault; Euterpe is listening to distant music; Thalia is inventing some trick against her jealous guardians; Terpsichore, out of breath, is bending to adjust her sandal; Calliope is pensively meditating over a line of Virgil,

O passi graviora, Deus dabit his quoque finem.

PH. BURTY in *The Academy*.

**THE LATE EARL OF YARBOROUGH.**—The funeral of the late Earl of Yarborough took place on Friday week at Brocklesby Park, near Ulceby, North Lincolnshire. There was a very large assemblage of mourners and the tenantry, the procession being nearly half a mile long.

**MAJOR WILLIAMSON** has been appointed starter for the Dublin Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meeting, on March 16 and 17, and also for the Cork Park Meeting, May 4 and 5.

**AYTER AN EXPERIENCE OF OVER FORTY YEARS**, it has been established that there are few instances of defects of the Hair which cannot be arrested neutralised, or remedied by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, and the favourable effect be seen at once; and though the Hair, may have become Grey, Thin, or Faded, it may be Renewed and Restored to all the glossiness of which it is susceptible.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Dépot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

## GLOBE THEATRE.

### LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

MR. GEORGE ROBERTS's dramatic version of Miss Braddon's famous novel, "Lady Audley's Secret," in which, when originally produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1863, Miss Herbert achieved a marked success by her powerful impersonation of the golden-haired murderer, was revived here on Saturday evening for the return to the London stage of Miss Louisa Moore, who made her first reappearance, since her marriage, and a three years' absence in America, as the heroine, "Lady Audley." Although the assumption displayed careful study and intelligence, combined with grace and refinement always conspicuous in this young actress, there was a deficiency of power and intensity which rendered the delineation unsatisfactory and weak as a whole. In the gentler phases with "Sir Michael," and in the quiet subtleness and by-play in the interview with the suspecting "Robert Audley" in the beginning of the second act, Miss Moore was excellent; but we think the selection of this part for her re-entrée was injudicious, as being quite unsuited to her particular talents. Miss Blanche Coleridge made a very promising first appearance as "Alice Audley," "Sir Michael's" daughter; the parts of "Robert Audley," "George Talboys," and "Sir Michael Audley" were adequately filled by Messrs. G. R. Ireland, H. R. Teesdale, and George Grainger. Miss Kathleen Irwin sustained the character of "Phoebe" with consummate skill and quiet force, and the rough brutality and cunning of "Luke Marks," the keeper, were portrayed with singular art and realism by Mr. Lionel Brough. The popular burlesque, *Blue Beard*, which concludes the entertainment, still increases in its attractiveness.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

### UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

AMONG the numerous dramatic adaptations of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's celebrated novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which inundated the London theatres soon after the publication of that work the most effective, perhaps, was that by the late Mr. Mark Lemon and Mr. Tom Taylor and brought out at the Adelphi, in November, 1852, under the title of *Slave Life; or, Uncle Tom's Cabin*, supported by a powerful cast, including Mr. Alfred Wigan and Miss Woolgar (Mrs. Alfred Mellon of present days) as the quadroon slave "George Harris" and his wife, "Eliza"; Mr. Emery as the cruel slaveowner, "Legree"; Mr. O. Smith as "Uncle Tom"; Mrs. Keely as "Topsy"; and Madame Celeste as Legree's slave mistress, "Cassy." The drama met with great success, and was played uninterruptedly for upwards of three months. Although the *raison d'être* of both the story and play has long since ceased through the abolition of slavery, there are intrinsic elements of abiding interest in the stirring incidents and highly dramatic situations of the drama sufficient to justify its revival, which took place here on Thursday, last week, under its second title of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The trials and sufferings undergone by the wife and child of the quadroon George Harris, through the persecution and cruelty of her new master, the miscreant Legree, form the leading features of the story, and at once enlist the sympathies and enchain the attention of the audience throughout, especially in the exciting scene where Eliza and her child, at the suggestion of Cassy, attempt the perilous escape across the frozen river; still more effective are the two subsequent scenes, first when Eliza, again in the clutches of Legree, is overwhelmed by him with fresh insults and indignities, and in the presence of her husband, George Harris, who is there, disguised as a planter, with a view to effecting her rescue; and at Legree's plantation, whence, through the aid of Topsy, the victims make their escape. These, and the sensational final scene among the rocks of the Red River, where Legree, in pursuit of the fugitives, is shot by George Harris, are rightly received with marked applause, and, although the present cast cannot be compared with the original, as given above, the leading characters are very efficiently represented. Mr. Henry Sinclair is manly as the slave "George Harris"; Mr. Howard Ittusell is very effective as "Uncle Tom"; Mr. McIntyre makes "Legree" as brutal and repulsive as he should do; Miss Edith Stuart represents "Eliza" with intense power and pathos; Miss Marie Henderson supports the difficult part of "Cassy" with great impressiveness, and marked bitterness towards her hated master, Legree. Miss Hudspeth's "Topsy" is an admirable impersonation, and singularly clever in its mingled humour and pathos—her vivacity as the little negress, with such quaint sayings; and Miss Cicely Nott's singing of the negro melodies "Nelly Bly" and "The Old Folks at Home" are most welcome reliefs to the general sombreness of tone which prevails in the story. The revival is put on the stage with great care; the new scenery, by Mr. F. Lloyds, is very picturesque and characteristic. It is followed by the opening of the pantomime *The Children in the Wood*, which still continues in the bill, and previous to which Lieutenant Cole gives selections from his celebrated ventriloquial entertainment.

## THE PRESENTATION TO MR. BARRY SULLIVAN AT CORK.

WE, some weeks ago, gave a report of the proceedings in connection with the presentation of a service of plate to the above eminent tragedian; and we have now to record that, in addition to the plate, a magnificent illuminated address has been just now added. The address contains around the text a most chastely designed border, representing a proscenium, at the top of which are allegorical figures representing Comedy and Tragedy, while scenes from *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, &c., occupy prominent places; and a drawing of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon is most felicitously introduced, together with a photographic portrait of Mr. Sullivan as "Hamlet." The address is a work of the highest art of its kind, and its execution reflects extreme credit on its talented artist, Mr. John Gilbert, of Cork.

**THE ELTHAM MARCH FLAT AND HURDLE-RACE MEETING** will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, March 24 and 25, not on the Monday and Tuesday, as originally advertised.

A NEW and lifesize portrait model of Dr. Kenealy, the newly elected member for Stoke-upon-Trent, taken from sittings, is now on view at Madame Tussaud and Sons' galleries in Baker-street.

**BANGOR STEEPLECHASES.**—Bangor (Flintshire) Steeplechases will take place on Thursday, April 1, under the Grand National rules. The stewards are Viscount Combermere, Sir W. W. Winn, Bart., M.P., Hon. R. W. S. Cotton, E. Peel, Esq., and S. K. Mainwaring, Esq.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH are indispensable to personal attraction, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, preserves and imparts a pearl-like whiteness to the teeth, eradicates tartar and spots of incipient decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 9d. per box. Sold by chemists and perfumers. Ask for "Rowlands' Odonto."—[ADVT.]

## Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

**ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.**—When these concerts commenced we pointed out the difficulties with which the directors had to contend, and expressed our doubts of their permanent success. That these doubts were well founded soon became apparent; and long before Christmas it was announced that the scheme would be altered, and that the idea of giving concerts on every night in the week would be abandoned. During the present year concerts have been given on two or at most three nights weekly, and the performances have shown considerable improvement. Not only has the orchestra been strengthened by the addition of several distinguished instrumentalists, but there has been more time for rehearsals, and the general execution has consequently been better. Still, the one great difficulty remains—the Albert Hall is too far from the centre of the metropolis. Londoners, or at least nine tenths of them, find that a visit to the hall entails not only the outlay of money, but also a serious expenditure of time; and the result is that the attendance is generally scanty, no matter what attractions may be provided. The best attendances are on the oratorio nights, when probably the one thousand members of the choir have the usual complimentary tickets for their friends; but even on these occasions the hall has an unsatisfactory appearance. As a rule, people who wish to hear an oratorio will prefer the Sacred Harmonic Society's performances at Exeter Hall; and those who wish for ballad concerts find them attractively provided in the convenient locality of St. James's Hall, by Mr. Boosey. This latter form of concerts is, however, so attractive, that "ballad" concerts might be expected to thrive almost anywhere, if properly organised; and the concert given last Saturday night was abundantly furnished with attractions, so far as concerns the list of artists, including Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Sterling, Mr. Whitney, and Mr. Cummings, with the "Part-Song Choir" of the R.A.H. Choral Society as vocalists; Herr Wilhelmj (violin) and Mr. G. Martin (organ) as instrumentalists; Mr. Barnby as conductor; and Mr. Randegger as accompagneur. Yet, in spite of these attractions, the attendance was lamentably scanty; and even the first row of shilling seats was not fully occupied. It may be serviceable to the interests of art to discuss the question whether the apathy of the public in reference to these concerts is an unaccountable thing, or whether it arises from defects in the musical arrangements.

The Albert Hall concerts were heralded by loud flourishes of trumpets. It was announced that they would probably be given on every week night throughout the year, and that the musical arrangements would be on a scale of completeness never before attempted in this or any other country. People naturally expected much, when they were thus invited to do so; and the opening concerts attracted the *élite* of the musical profession and the press, all hoping great things, and all wishing well to the new and bold undertaking. The contrast between the promise and the performance was ludicrous; and the orchestra proved to be of second or third rate quality; in fact, distinctly inferior to the orchestra which for three months previous had been playing at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. The strings were so weak that they were quite overpowered by the brass; and on the opening night they were sometimes inaudible in one of Wagner's best-known works, wherein the violins have to play a succession of descending passages, which, when properly rendered, are highly effective. General disappointment was felt, and soon, through the medium of the press, the public learned that the magnificent promises made by the projectors of these concerts were delusive; that the much-vaunted musical completeness merely amounted to the provision of executants inferior to those who might be heard at less cost and trouble elsewhere; and, this being the case, the public stayed away severely.

Taking the concert of Saturday last as a specimen of the superior kind of musical entertainment said to be provided at the Albert Hall, it may be useful to examine the nature of the selection performed by the excellent artists who appeared. The concert was announced as a "Popular Ballad Concert," a title which is significantly like that of the "London Ballad Concerts" of Mr. Boosey. Tranquilly enjoying his success, that gentleman probably does not think it worth while to warn the public—as certain Jewish tailors formerly did—against "the untradesman-like falsehood of it's the same concern;" but it certainly looks as if the success of his concerts had led to the announcement of similar entertainments at the Albert Hall. It would have been well had the resemblance been as close in other respects. Mr. Boosey makes no fine professions of any high-art theories. He does not even promise "popular" ballads; yet at each of his concerts the bulk of the music consists of sterling old ballads which have long been household favourites, and with these are interspersed a few modern songs by rising composers. At the (so-called) "Popular Ballad Concert" given, on Saturday last, in the Albert Hall, only four popular ballads were sung, with seven new songs which have not yet become popular, and perhaps never may. Now, when the public are invited to attend a "popular ballad concert," they have a right to expect that popular ballads will be sung. If their expectations are disappointed, they will not risk the experiment again. Confidence has been described as "a plant of slow growth," and it is not likely to be fostered by fallacious promises.

In connection with the seven new songs in last Saturday's programme, there is a fact which is specially noteworthy. On the cover of the programme there is a list of new songs, published by Messrs. Novello, the *entrepreneurs* of these concerts. Five of the seven songs are taken from this list. Whether the other two are also the property of Messrs. Novello does not appear; but it seems clear that, whatever may have been the value of the preliminary declaration that art-culture was one of the main ends which these concerts were intended to promote, commercial considerations have by no means been neglected. It is to the interest of a publisher that the songs which he publishes shall be sung in public; and a publisher would be justified in giving a concert or concerts expressly for the purpose of introducing his new publications; but when they are introduced under false colours, as "popular" ballads, the public will be apt to resent the intrusion, and to stay away on subsequent occasions, particularly when they learn that these "publishers' songs" are again and again introduced into the programmes of the publishers' concerts.

The five songs above referred to are "The Wren's Nest," by J. Lemmens; "The Lament of the Border Widow," by J. Blumenthal; "When the tide comes in," by J. Barnby; "Yes," by J. Blumenthal; and "The Bells of St. Ethelred," by J. Barnby. Of these, the only song at all likely to become "popular" is Mr. Barnby's "When the Tide comes in." The three verses are well written, and the pathetic story is set to expressive and melodious music: melody and accompaniment are both good. "The Wren's Nest" is almost beneath criticism; and it was

sad to see so good an artist as Madame Sherrington labouring in vain to impart vitality to such feeble music and ill-written words. "The Lament of the Border Widow" is utterly unworthy the composer of "The Message" and "Le Chemin du Paradis;" and his "Yes" is mere commonplace. Mr. Barnby's "Bells of St. Ethelred" is a simple setting of some tedious lines. The four really "popular" ballads—"The Bailiff's Daughter," "John Anderson, my jo," "The heart bowed down," and "Sally in our alley"—were a welcome relief to the modern platitudes; and the greatest relief of all was the excellent singing of the Part-Song Choir—a select body of about sixty well-trained choristers—who executed a number of part-songs, glees, and madrigals in the most admirable manner, under the direction of their able teacher, Mr. J. Barnby. Herr Wilhelmj played his own violin arrangement of a theme by Chopin in masterly style; but failed to infuse into his rendering of Ernst's "Elégie" the depth of pathos which it possessed when played by the composer himself. Mr. Martin played two organ solos in good style, and Mr. Randegger was all that could be desired as accompagneur. It is scarcely necessary to say that the artists already named maintained their high reputations by excellent performances of all they had to do, and are not to be blamed if their talents were employed on inferior materials.

We have devoted considerable space to last Saturday's concert, not from its intrinsic importance, but because of the important considerations which it suggests. When the Albert Hall concerts were announced they met with warm sympathy and support in these columns; and it is with great reluctance that we now find fault with their projectors, who have, as publishers, rendered inestimable service to art. It is solely in the interests of art that we have felt bound to point out how imperfectly the public expectation in reference to these concerts has been satisfied, and how injuriously the commercial element has been introduced into an undertaking which originally sought support on purely artistic grounds.

**CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.**—At last Saturday's concert the following programme was executed:—

Overture, "Egmont" .....	Beethoven.
Canzonet, "Piercing Eyes" .....	Haydn.
Concerto, Pianoforte (and Orchestra) in G minor .....	Moscheles.
Recit, and Aria, "With verdure clad" (Creation) .....	Haydn.
Suite for Orchestra, in C (op. 150) .....	Lachner.
Song, "There is a flower that bloometh" (Maritana)	Wallace.
Solos for Pianoforte:—	

Nottuno in A .....

Field.

Valse (transcribed by Liszt) .....

Schubert.

Songs, "Es weiss und rath' es doch keiner" .....

Mendelssohn.

"Wohin" (Maid of the Mill) .....

Schubert.

Overture, "Melusina" .....

Mendelssohn.

The "star" of the concert was the celebrated pianist, Herr von Bülow, who was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. The G minor concerto of Moscheles has not been heard in public for a long time, and was a welcome arrival. It is but a short time since the death of Moscheles, yet to many amateurs his works are almost unknown. The G minor concerto is a good specimen of his style. He thoroughly understood the genius of the pianoforte; and, although his writings are not conspicuous for inventive fancy, they are full of masterly workmanship. In this work, in the "notturno," and the "valse" transcription, Herr von Bülow played well, and was loudly applauded. The orchestral "suite" by Lachner suffered from the inevitable comparison with that by J. S. Bach, which was heard at the previous concert, but was nevertheless an interesting novelty. The "gavotte" dance tune was a fair imitation of the style in vogue 150 years back, and secured an encore. Some of Lachner's songs are strikingly melodious; but this characteristic was not to be found in the orchestral "suite," and it is probable that we may yet have a more favourable specimen of his instrumental work. The two overtures were played admirably by the fine band, under the able direction of Mr. Manns. The song from the *Creation* and the two German songs were well sung by Mdlle. Lever; the other two songs by Mr. Walsham, a tenor *débutant* who shows promise.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—At the concert of Monday last the first part consisted entirely of works by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett—viz., his trio in A major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mdlle. Marie Krebs and MM. Joachim and Piatti); his quartet "God is a Spirit" (Miss Goode, Miss Bolingbroke, and MM. Guy and Pope); and his pianoforte sonata "The Maid of Orleans," written for Madame Arabella Goddard. On such an occasion the absence of our great English pianist could not be otherwise than painfully felt. She had for years been the exponent of Sterndale Bennett's genius, and brought to the interpretation of his greatest pianoforte works not only the intellectuality of conception and the exquisite execution which placed her at the head of her profession, but also a sentiment of affectionate reverence which enhanced the effect of her playing. If anything could help to console us for her long absence, it would be the possession of so excellent a substitute as Mdlle. Krebs, whose performance of "The Maid of Orleans" sonata was full of refinement, and was worthy the occasion. In the second part of the concert Herr Joachim played Tartini's famous "Devil's Sonata" in a manner which would probably have electrified the composer; and joined MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti in Beethoven's quartet in F, op. 18, No. 1. How the concerted music was executed by the artists above named it will not be necessary to say, nor how Mr. Santley—accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict—sang "The Knight of Toggenburg," by Schubert, and the fine old air "O cesse di piegarmi!" by Scarlatti. It was a delightful concert.

At the Crystal Palace concert this afternoon a "Festival Overture," by Herr Krebs, will be played for the first time in England; and his daughter (Mdlle. Marie Krebs) will play the pianoforte concerto by Brahms. The chief orchestral piece will be the completed portion of Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor.

**THE FIRST CONCERT,** this season, of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir was given at St. James's Hall on Thursday last—too late for notice this week.

**THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY** last night performed Mr. George Macfarren's oratorio, "St. John the Baptist," which we shall notice next week.

**THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY** will commence its sixty-third season on Thursday, March 18, at St. James's Hall. The seven succeeding concerts will be given on Mondays, April 12 and 26, May 10 and 24, June 7 and 21, and July 5. Mr. W. G. Cusins will again conduct; and Mr. Stanley Lucas, the courteous and able secretary, remains at his post.

**THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY** will this season give six afternoon concerts, at St. James's Hall, on Saturdays, April 10 and 24, May 8 and 22, June 5 and 19; the conducting being again divided between Dr. Wyld and Herr Ganz.

**THE BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY** will commence its third season on Wednesday, March 10, when the programme of the opening concert will be exclusively composed of works by Sterndale Bennett. The concert will be under the immediate patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The

remaining concerts will be given on Wednesdays, March 31, April 7 and 21, and May 5 and 19. Mr. George Mount remains as conductor, and Mr. Val Nicholson as secretary. This society has been formed for the vindication of native art. None but native vocalists and instrumentalists will be permitted to take part in the performances, and the list of the principal artists and orchestral players is very strong. Not only is the object of the society good, but its concerts are in the highest degree excellent, and it may fairly claim public support.

Miss Rose Hersee has accepted an engagement as prima donna assoluta of the English Opera Company at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, and will make her first operatic appearance in London since her return from America on Saturday week, Feb. 27, as 'Maritana.'

Mr. GEORGE MACFARREN has been appointed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, as successor to the late lamented Sterndale Bennett.

Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN takes the composition class of the Royal Academy of Music, formerly directed by Sir Sterndale Bennett.

M. HERVE will not be conductor of the Covent-Garden Concerts next season.

MR. FRANK CELLI is engaged as principal baritone for the English operas at the Philharmonic Theatre, and will make his first appearance there, as 'Count Arnheim' (*Bohemian Girl*), this evening.

**AMATEUR PERFORMANCE AT THE BIJOU THEATRE.** An amateur performance in aid of the Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, was given before a full and fashionable audience, at the Bijou Theatre, on Tuesday, the 9th inst., with most gratifying results, not only to the performers, but also to the funds of the charity.

The entertainment commenced with the farce of *Sent To The Tower*, in which Messrs. P. B. and T. B. Abraham gained the warm applause of the audience as the incarcerated rivals, while Mr. A. Wylder appeared as the gaoler.

In *Time Tries All*, which followed, Miss Bertha Adams exhibited much taste and feeling as 'Laura'; Miss E. Wiber's 'Fanny Fact' forming a capital foil. Mr. H. A. Herbert was a manly and pleasing 'Matthew Bates,' gaining loud applause for his scenes with 'Laura'; while the audience seemed much amused with the yawn of Mr. W. Tudor Frere, which, however, might have been improved by a little elevation of the voice. As 'Tom Tact,' the junior clerk, Mr. J. Johnson was extremely good, especially in the first act; his scene with 'Fanny Fact' being, to our mind, the best in the piece. In act 2, however, as the would-be Frenchman, we thought him hardly so good. Mr. Tral, capitally made up, gave a careful and telling reading of 'Leeson.' It was, however, in the concluding farce of *St. Patrick's Day* that this gentleman gave the most striking proofs of his ability. So good a performance as his 'Dr. Rosy' is rare among amateurs, and we must single out for special praise his enjoyment of the follies of the old 'Justice,' a character which received its due in the hands of Mr. Tudor Frere. Mr. Herbert looked and played admirably as the scheming Lieutenant, and the soldiers and peasants acquitted themselves creditably, a special word being due to Mr. Wylder, who made good capital out of a very small part. Mrs. Credulous and Lauretta were efficiently played by Misses Maitland and E. Wiber. The leading characters were honoured with a call at the conclusion of this piece.

#### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Or all the beautiful works of art ever written, painted, carved, or composed, this is surely the very loveliest. From its name—whoever gives plays such names nowadays?—to the fairy speeches that close it, it is one flow of melody, sweet but not cloying; thoroughly easy and natural, yet more finished and artistic than, perhaps, any poem of its length. It is a dream, such as one might have dreamt (if one were Shakespeare) lying in the moonlight, on a bank in the forest, while the innumerable sounds of a summer night hummed round one, making in one's dreaming fairy songs, laughter of 'Puck,' and quaint quarrelling of 'Oberon' and 'Titania'; the "human mortals" in the play—'Theseus,' 'Lysander,' 'Helena,' and 'Hermia'—are but shadows, too, gracious and fanciful; and there is poetry even in the drollery of 'Bottom' and his crew, whose introduction is a masterpiece of art. Such a play could only have had such comic characters, and, instead of vulgarising it, they give the necessary grotesque element, such as is found in German fairy stories.

But the art of the whole poem is wonderful. It was, perhaps, hardly consciously that Shakespeare wrote so great a proportion of it in rhyme; but that in this play, above all others, there should have been such a succession of couplets and so many regular stanzas is no mere accident; the dreamy and anti-realistic effect it gives is too perfectly what such a poem need to have been produced by an "inspired barbarian." The quaint and involved plot, too, is not strong enough for any other play—any drama of waking life; and the setting such a picture in the framework of 'Theseus's' marriage gives the whole story a wonderful richness and ease. The last act would be termed by critics of the yard-measure school "entirely unnecessary;" but what a marvellous conclusion to the play those midnight speeches of 'Puck' and 'Oberon' are! They bring to one exactly the queer fairylike feeling there is about a room after all its human inhabitants have gone to bed—when the fire is going out, only leaping up now and then to frighten the brownies playing over it, and the shadows hanging round the room in every corner and recess hold all sorts of quaint mysterious secrets.

As one reads the play again—perhaps for the twentieth time—one feels as though no work had ever so teemed with poetry: as though in writing of it the only way to give any adequate idea of its beauties would be to quote every speech all the way through in its entirety. The first scene strikes a note of exquisite charm, which is sustained without a sign of flagging to the end. There is no monotony, but yet unfailing loveliness; and some of the speeches reach a height of sheer melody that even Shakespeare himself has scarcely attained elsewhere. Such lines as

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose

seem hardly approachable in their beauty; and the sweetness in the fairies' song, though obtained by means so obvious that one feels almost inclined to call them impudent, rises out of the bounds of language into pure music:

Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So good-night, with lullaby!

One has been wont to think Victor Hugo's *Quand tu chantes, berce le soir*, beautiful; but what is it, what is any song of Goethe, Tennyson, or Shelley, in pure childlike loveliness, to this? Then the speeches of 'Theseus,' of 'Helena,' the wonderful allusion to Elizabeth—the "fair vestal throned by

the west"—most perfect compliment ever paid; and one and all of the fairy scenes, what is there to rival, to compare, with them? "Three-piled hyperbole," though out of place, could hardly exaggerate their beauties. No praise is too high for the overflowing charm of the youth of that genius whose strong maturity produced *Hamlet* and *King Lear*.

We have heard but one objection made to this poem—that the tone is throughout (especially, of course, in the comic scenes) English, and not Greek: emphatically, not Athenian; though, indeed, the period is not that of the historical Athens familiar to us, but entirely legendary. 'Hippolyta' was Queen of the fabled Amazons. However, there is weight in the objection. 'Nick Bottom,' 'Robin Starveling,' and the rest are distinctly English, though of a school of humour not altogether unlike that of Aristophanes. But this bestowal of one nationality upon all the "clowns" of comedy and tragedy was in Shakespeare's time universal, and the avoidance of anachronisms and strict adherence to correct local colouring were things then unheard of. The fairies, and, above all, 'Puck,' are in no way Greek, and are not intended to be Greek. In the old books of romance Hector and Achilles were invariably described as "knights"—indeed, in this very play 'Theseus' is made Duke of Athens—and the characters all speak in terms of chivalry and feudalism (witness 'Helena's' "two of the first, like coats in heraldry"). In short, the sole object in those times with writers who wished in some way to indicate the difference between the period they were describing and their own was to give an indefinite romantic style to their speeches, characters, and incidents—not attempting to make them speak and think exactly as people of any particular century must have thought and spoken.

From this point of view the language and the characters of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* must be considered perfect—the reference to "French Crowns" is hardly of sufficient importance to strike upon the ear as out of place; and the three centuries which have passed since it was written make it to us even more entirely removed from the world of every day than it must have been to the audiences which saw it produced "under the personal superintendence of the author."

What did they think of it, those Elizabethan audiences? What wonderful gatherings they must have been—for we may hold it certain that Shakespeare did not write *Hamlet* for an audience of "groundlings," like those he censures in it: and that there were players in those days capable, under the great poet's instructions, of doing justice to his works!

But was there ever an entire company which could play *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as it ought to be played? Not in Shakespeare's time, surely; for then there were no actresses—and the thought of 'Titania' and 'Helena' played by boys is too dreadful: that 'Juliet' should require shaving is less awful than the idea of a Fairy Queen who, like 'Flute,' the bellows-mender, "had a beard coming." A company of artists sufficiently refined and intellectual to interpret the delicate poetry of such a dreamy legend has never, we fear, been known—certainly it has not been collected for either of the two last revivals of the play.

At the Queen's, four years ago, Mr. Phelps was supported by Messrs. Ryder, George Rignold, Frank Matthews, Marston, Nelson, Howard, &c., and Misses Jane Rignold, Marie Henderson, M. Gordon, Tilly Wright, and others. This cast sounds much stronger than that now given at the Gaiety, and stronger it certainly was, as far as the ladies were concerned; but the play struck us as being thoroughly murdered then; the only character we thought really satisfactorily played was 'Titania,' which Miss Rignold looked and acted most perfectly. Mr. Phelps, though very good in the latter part of the play, has not nearly fun enough for 'Bottom'; he misses the pomposity of the man altogether; and we need hardly say that pomposity is the very keystone of 'Bottom's' character.

At the Gaiety, Mr. Righton's 'Flute' is the most successful bit of acting in the play; it is wonderfully funny, and thoroughly natural and characteristic. The other comic characters are very fairly done, except Mr. Lyall's 'Quince,' which is very bad indeed. Mr. Belford plays 'Theseus' with genial dignity, and Mr. Robertson (who was unusually bad in the opening farce) showed signs of great improvement as 'Lysander.' Miss Helen Douglas played 'Hermia' with the distinctness and finish of a practised actress; but Miss Hibbert, though not wanting in true feeling, appealed too much to the gallery. Miss Loseby was a fair 'Oberon,' Miss Ritta a very weak 'Titania,' and Miss West, though careful and intelligent, not a good 'Puck'—Miss E. Farren would have played the part splendidly. The other performers call for no special mention.

**DEATH OF JOE WILSON.**—Our readers will learn with regret that Joe Wilson, the writer of so many popular and pleasing songs in the vernacular of Tyneside, died on Monday night at the early age of thirty-three. For some time past he has been suffering from a lingering and wasting disease, recovery from which was despaired of by his friends; and only a short time ago a concert was given by the professional and amateur musicians of the town to procure him some comforts to alleviate his sufferings. Mr. Wilson served his apprenticeship as a printer in Newcastle, and worked at this business for some time as a journeyman, but the success which he achieved as a vocalist and song writer induced him to abandon his regular employment and devote himself exclusively to music and poetry. One of his earliest appearances before the public was at an amateur concert given in the Lecture Room many years ago for the benefit of Ned Corvan, who was at that time ill and in a condition of great distress. Joe Wilson sang his own songs, which struck the audience as novelties, and the manner in which he rendered them, having a great natural appreciation of the prevailing local characteristics, won for him many admirers. His voice was sweet though somewhat thin, but he had a very happy way of imparting varying shades of pathos and humour to suit the words of his melodies, which was very pleasing and telling with his audience. After several appearances as an amateur, when he generally produced some new song, he was engaged by Mr. Stanley at the Tyne Concert Hall, which that gentleman conducted previous to the erection of the Tyne Theatre, and was not the least attractive of the talented companies which Mr. Stanley invariably secured. He subsequently sang from time to time at the Oxford and other music-halls in Newcastle and district, always giving songs of his own composition. As a writer of local songs, Mr. Wilson set an example in refinement worthy of being followed by other writers. His songs were faithful delineations of local life, his humour of a high order, and never marred by coarseness or ribaldry. He could also write very pathetic melodies, but his sentiment never descended to drivelling mawkishness. His knowledge of the dialect of Newcastle and its neighbourhood was great, and was especially displayed in his prose writings, some of which were excellent in their way. As a neighbour he was genial and large-hearted, ever ready to give his services to help his distressed brethren. Mr. Wilson's songs have been published in a collected form by Mr. Fordyce, of Newcastle, and though "Joe" will be missed by those who were in the habit of attending the concert-halls of the town, these will survive and keep his memory green for many years to come.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

## KING ALFONSO XII.

In spite of the cares of State, the turmoils and troubles of war, and the excitement attendant on his unexpected assumption of the Spanish crown, King Alfonso can still find time for the indulgence of his taste for sport, as will be seen from the illustration we give above. It will appear curious to English sportsmen to see puss being chased by horsemen clad in brilliant uniforms, cuirasses, and helmets; but travellers see strange things, as well as tell strange tales; and the scene which our Artist has depicted is sufficiently novel in its character to interest, we feel sure, a majority of our readers.

## Sporting Intelligence.

The scandal to which I alluded in my last has scarcely been a nine days' wonder, for the delinquent immediately upon his arrival in London, having sent in his papers to sell was refused the indulgence, and in the very next *Gazette* his name was quietly wiped out of the *Army List* "her Majesty having no further occasion for his services."

The Birmingham meeting having been put off in consequence of the frost—a calamity which has befallen Mr. Sheldon's enterprise for three years in succession—I had but little time at my disposal to say anything about the Grand Annual, except in the few words I sent by telegram from the course.

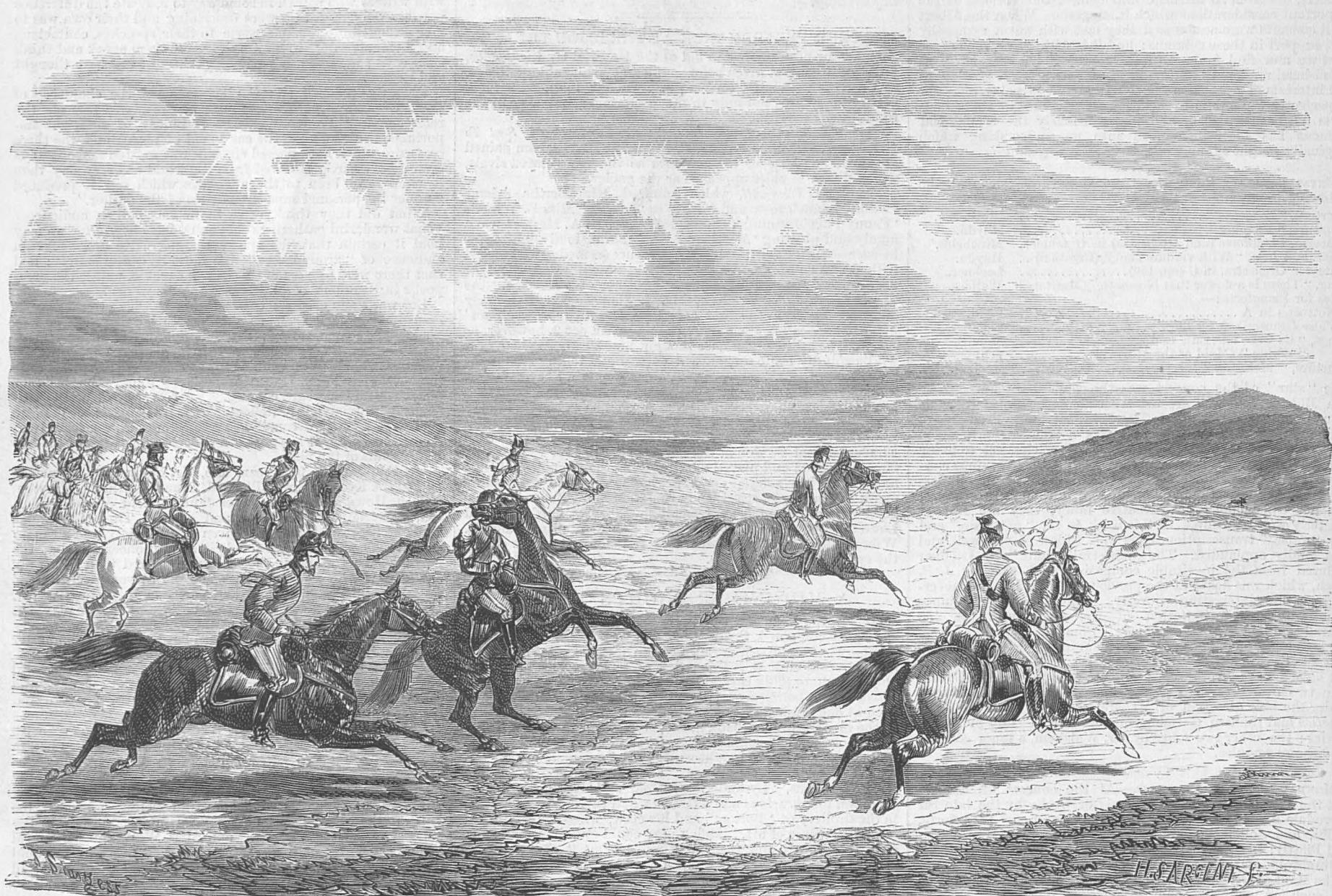
The track was pretty generally abused on the first day of the meeting, but, a few alterations having been effected, the jockeys who rode on the second day made no complaint. The course, however, is capable of vast improvement, which next year will probably be developed.

The double success of Mrs. Starr was very unlooked-for; but her performances have caused no move in the betting on the great steeplechases of the spring.

When, a few weeks ago, I ventured in these columns to say a word or two in favour of gate-money meetings, I was scarcely prepared to hear so soon such a mighty discussion on the subject. The following week a most able article appeared in the *Sporting Gazette*, the writer of which expressed, much more forcibly than I could, the very opinions I hold; and on every side I hear the identical views supported, except on one daily paper, whose chief arguments against taking money at the gates are obtained by cuttings out of *Bell's Life*, &c., the

reports of a suspicious case that occurred at Eltham about a fortnight back, when the whole thing was of so utterly despicable a nature that no one who had any better reasons would have brought it forward, and simply because it occurred at a meeting within so many miles of London, it can scarcely be cited against those meetings as a class; for the horses that ran in this veritable selling affair, and the owner who planned the little game, are seen weekly at other places, far away from the din of the metropolis, where no money is asked for admission, but where there is no earthly reason why the same abortive effort may not be attempted.

I am anxious to see what the "Resident at Kingsbury" who writes in the *Times*, and the correspondent of the other daily paper above alluded to, will say after they have attended the first meeting at Sandown Park, which will take place in about a couple of months. I have a kind of idea that they will change their tune pretty considerably; but that will, however, be nothing new to them. I walked over the course a few days ago, with one of our most distinguished gentlemen riders as my guide, and all I can say is that, when completed, the *tout ensemble* will be as nearly perfection as it is in the power of mortal man to attain. The flat-race course is already firm



KING ALFONSO XII. HAREHUNTING, ON JAN. 27, AT SAN MIGUEL.

good going, notwithstanding that, owing to some mishap to the draining-pipes, more than a couple of hundred yards of it were almost under water a short time ago. The turns are easy, and the run-in is some feet wider than that at Liverpool. An almost straight half-mile is now obtained, and next season, if all goes well, there will be one of the finest straight six-furlongs in the world ready to run over. The steeplechase course will contain a variety of fences of all descriptions, and there are two very natural ones in particular, with the ditches on the taking-off side, that will require a bit of doing, and which are sure to delight the hearts of Lords Melgund and Willoughby de Brooke. The water-jump will not be immediately opposite the stand, as at Liverpool, Warwick, Croydon, &c., but in full view of everybody, about 400 yards going along the other side, where a plentiful supply of water is always running down an open natural ditch. There will, of course, have to be a few made fences and flights of hurdles; but they are to be constructed on the newest and most approved principles, and altogether there will be but very little fault to be found anywhere. It is a difficult, perhaps an impossible, thing to combine a steeplechase course and flat-race course with the same run in; but I venture to predict that this task will be very nearly accomplished at Sandown Park, where, however, the races are not to be the sole attraction—for there are to be polo, skating, cricket, pigeon-shooting, and various other outdoor amusements, for the benefit only of subscribers, for whose use also a most commodious private stand is in course of erection, which will be finished in time for the first meeting. In front of this stand, sloping down to the winning-post, will be a lawn, more beautiful in proportions and far more conveniently situated than those at Goodwood or Ascot: while behind, they who have the *entrée* as members, or members' friends (for each member can take two ladies with him), are able to reach the paddock by a private way, through a wood, which overhangs and shelters the south-western portion of the inclosure.

There are already nearly 200 members enrolled, and when town begins to fill the remaining 300, who can get in free of entrance-money, will soon be found. A programme of immense dimensions, with an amount of added money as yet unheard

of, has been issued; and Mr. James Milward, who is the *factotum*, and appears to be quite the right man in the right place, with his trusty secretaries, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, may well feel proud of the work they have so speedily and efficiently performed.

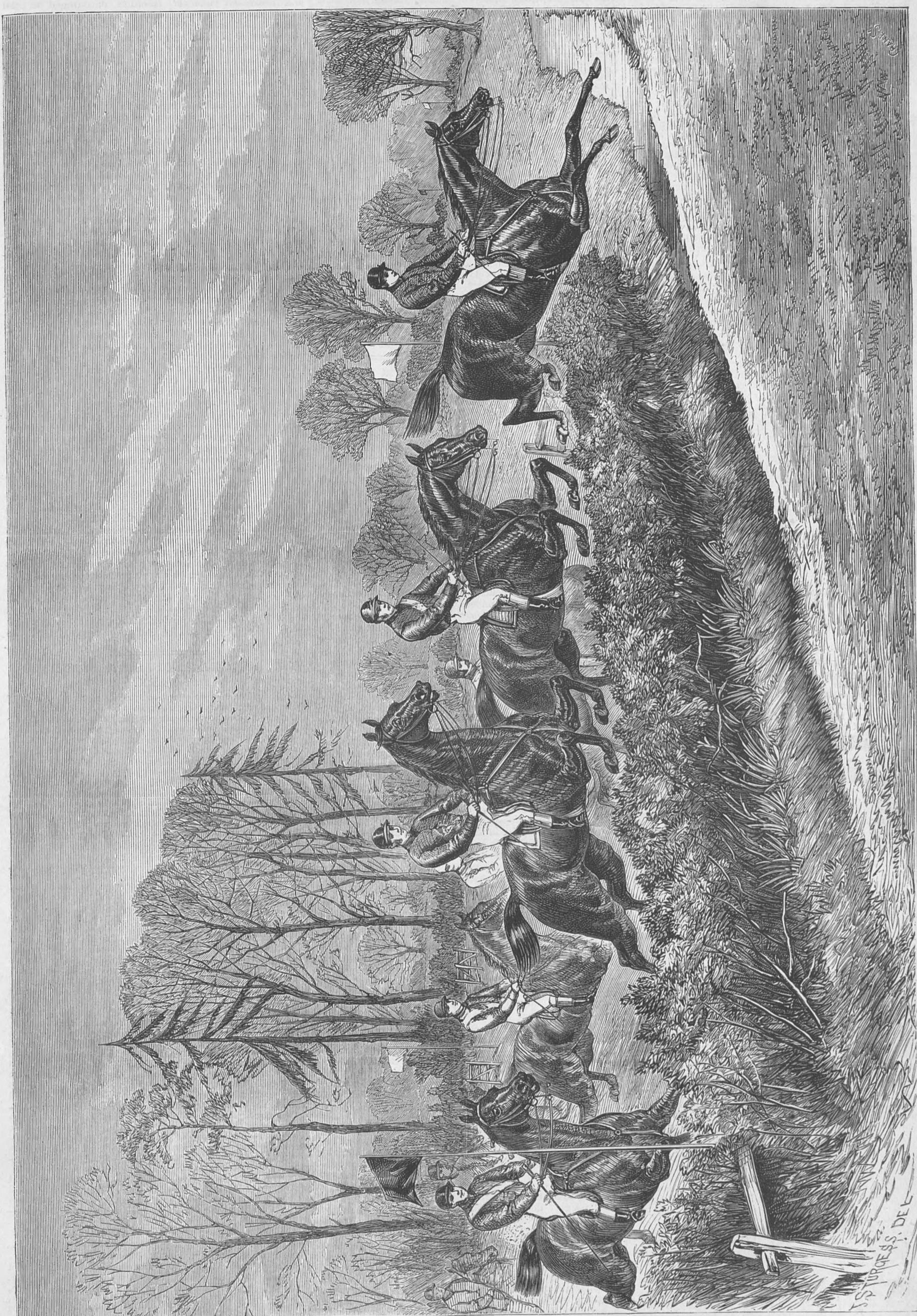
Speculation on Monday was chiefly confined to the Dog Derby, for which nearly twenty nominations were backed at various prices, ranging from 9 to 1, which was the highest offer against Mr. Gibson's, which had supplanted Mr. Hyslop's, so long first favourite, down to 50 or 60 to 1, at which figures several outsiders were backed.

For the Two Thousand Camballo was in much force, and was supported at 4 to 1, at the commencement of business; but the fielders took heart and offered 9 to 2 before they separated. At Tattersalls', Lady Patroness and Lady Patricia monopolised most attention for the Lincolnshire Handicap; but at the clubs' Kaiser and Thuringian Prince had the call, and the Truth gelding and Ironstone were quite as much inquired about as the two illustrious ladies. Vintner remains firm at the top of the tree in the quotations for the great chase at Bristol, but was fairly headed by Jackall for the Aintree event. Roland Græme appeared to be on the down line for the Derby, for which Galopin was backed at 8 to 1; and his companion Peripatetic had 45 to 1 to win over a thousand taken about him at Tattersalls', although friendless at that price earlier in the day. Garterly Bell was the only one of Lord Falmouth's team that found favour, and Bay of Naples was in fair request at 100 to 3; but the favourite's name was never heard, and I do not think a single bet has been made on the Chester Cup for some days. Houghton remains a firm first favourite for the Croydon Hurdle Race, although closely followed in the price list by Rufina and Miss Orton, while a host of outsiders are continually cropping up; and when I have said that slight odds are laid on Oxford for the boat-race I think I have pretty nearly exhausted the betting news of the past week. When the battle of Waterloo is fought out to the bitter end, layers and backers will find more time at their disposal for the consideration of the great handicaps and three-year-old races of the spring.

The racing this week at Doncaster, Bromley, Worcester, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, and Cambridge has not been very

interesting to anyone except those immediately concerned, and very few remarks will be necessary about them; at Doncaster the sport was of a fair character, although a postponement had to be resorted to in consequence of a heavy fall of snow last week; and everything would have passed off well if there had not been such a multitude of objections, &c.; Langar came in first for the Licensed Victuallers' Stakes, but his owner, who rode him, could not draw the weight on returning to scale, and Mr. T. Price's Susan, with Mr. Spence up, gained the prize; Jack, the winner of the Doncaster Handicap Steeple-chase, was objected to for his jockey having ridden foully, but the stewards, making a rather novel decision, confirmed the verdict of the judge, as far as the horse was concerned, but suspended his jockey, T. Cunningham, from riding on the second day of the meeting, and, moreover, fined him £10; and the other objection I need not allude to.

Next week the chief attraction in the racing world will be at Rugby on Tuesday and Wednesday, and at Aylesbury on the following days. At the former place of sport fine weather only will be requisite to ensure a first-rate meeting; for, although the entries for the Gold Cup and the light-weight steeple-chase—the chief dishes in former days of the grand military meeting—show a great falling away in the number of entries, still it must be admitted that the quality engaged is first rate; while all the hunters' races, both open and those confined to the soldiers or their friends the farmers, have met with unusual support, and we may fairly anticipate some very good chasing. The Grand Military Hunt Cup has obtained twenty-one entries; and, as the winner will take as much trouble to find as a needle in a truss of hay, I shall recommend patience until the numbers go up, and then trust to the best looking, provided he has a good jockey on his back. It will probably be a large field, and all will have a fair try; for "Captain Armstrong" is warned off Rugby's classic fields, and kept in Coventry until further orders. The United Service Hunters' Plate has also a good entry, sixteen being enrolled. Why, then, is it, we naturally exclaim, that the Grand Military Gold Cup has only eleven subscribers, the property of eight officers, while only seven owners enter eight horses for the once most popular race of the meeting—the



THE BIRMINGHAM GRAND ANNUAL STEEPECHASE.

Light-Weight Grand Military? And Echo answers, "Why?" Is it that the Cardwellian dispensation has already done its unwelcome work? It seems, indeed, like it; and what is to be done must be done quickly, or else the Grand Military Steeple-chase meeting will be a thing of the past before we are many years older. I hear the same tale wherever I go—nobody hunts, nobody keeps horses now. How different to the days gone by, when nearly every man in the service hunted as best he could, and it was not an uncommon occurrence when the neighbouring garrison composed the greater part of the field, with a provincial pack! For the Gold Cup Lord Marcus Beresford has Derviche and Breach of Promise engaged, and, his stable being at present in such form, it seems madness to oppose him. Prince George is under orders from Ireland, and Colonel Byrne will run Lady Sneerwell, but I don't think the Irish representative will be as fortunate as his fellow-countrymen have been lately; and the Horse Artillery will scarcely win this time. Jules and Ellen will both probably run for the Blues in Captain Sterling's colours; Petruchio will represent the 2nd Life Guards; but African may be an absentee, being in reserve for the Guards' Cup at Sandown Park, so the 1st will have no runner. "Mr. Rawdon" will most probably depend on Jorrocks, and keep the Bel Demonio horse for a race later on at the meeting; and Purity will be the hope of the 19th Hussars. I do not anticipate more than half a dozen will go to the post, and when they arrive at the other end I expect the Waterford Light Blue will be seen in the van. The result of the Gold Cup will pretty well discount the Light-Weight Race, and with the Veterans' and Weight-for-Age Races I must decline to deal.

A new feature has been introduced into the programme in the shape of a race on each day for horses the property of officers of the Yeomanry Cavalry, but it has turned out a miserable failure. Mr. F. Platt originated the idea, and obtained leave to run the races in conjunction with the Grand Military and Rugby Hunt, and issued circulars all over the country. His well-meant exertions, however, for the promotion of sport have met with a very cold response indeed, scarcely any horses have been entered, and Mr. Platt has been obliged to come forward himself to guarantee the whole of the added money, which at present amounts to £20 to each race, I believe. We may well want to know what our Yeomanry Cavalry are about! and at the same time hope that Mr. Platt will receive better support should he go over to Ireland as a Master of Hounds. The Rugby Open Steeple-chase has this year an additional fifty added to it, and if Phryne is not in reserve for Bristol I should think the course will suit her. In her absence, The Aegean, who knows the way round, or my Birmingham fancy, Erin's Pride, may be able to catch the judge's eye first, and the other races I must leave alone.

Two good days' racing at Aylesbury will wind up the week, and there is even a probability of a third being held on Saturday. The Open Handicap looks within De la Motte's compass if she runs and stands up, and the other races will be best left until the day.

The racing at Worcester, and the attendance also, was much superior to anything that has been seen there before at any spring meeting; but, unfortunately, there were several objections, as there were also at Bromley. The sport, however, does not require recording, except that Alice Lee carried Mr. Studd's unfortunate colours at last to the fore, in the Open Handicap Steeplechase at Worcester, on the first day, beating His Lordship, Thrift, and five others; and on the second day His Lordship defeated Festival, Rosehearty, and Nettle for the Severn Bank Chase.

#### RUGBY.

ZIGEUNER (3 yrs), by Saunterer out of Circe, after winning the Stewards' Hurdle Race at Doncaster, on Tuesday, was sold to Mr. Marsden for 110gs.

VESINET (FRANCE) RACES.—At this meeting, to take place on Monday, April 26, Captain Alexander's Quarteronne (5 yrs), by Dollar out of Columbine, and Captain Borkandy's Alménches (5 yrs), by Hospodan out of Aline, are matched to run one mile and seven furlongs, for £80 a-side, £20 forfeit; 10st. 3lb. each.

Mr. W. H. Shaw's gelding (6 yrs), by Wingrave or Exchequer out of Miss Fisher, who ran second to Lady Gosling for the Fitzwilliam Hurdle Race Plate at the Doncaster Hunt Meeting on Monday, was objected to by Mr. Spence on the ground that his hunters' certificate had not been lodged. The objection remains in abeyance.

DONCASTER HUNT MEETING.—Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 15 and 16.—Results:—First day (Monday).—Fitzwilliam Hurdle Plate: Mr. T. Aklam's Lady Gosling (h b), by Theobald, dam by Thormanby (T. Cunningham), 1; gelding by Wingrave or Exchequer out of Miss Fisher, 2; Lowther, 3; Zigeuner also ran; won by six lengths; the Wingrave gelding was objected to on the ground of his hunting certificate not having been lodged, and the objection remains in abeyance. Reindeer Hotel Cup: Mr. Rolly's Mrs. Joy, by Costa out of Annie Clare (Owner), 1; Hopeful, 2; Nick of the Woods, 3; seven ran; won by four lengths. Champagne Plate: Mr. T. Hornastle's Bluebeard, by Blue Mantle out of La Belle Alice (Heslop), 1; Waterloo, 2; Juga, 3; seven ran; won by a length. Licensed Victuallers' Stakes: Mr. T. Price's Susan, by Commotion out of Miss Harkaway (Mr. T. Spence), 1; Oliver Twist, 2; Morton, 3; nine ran; won by three lengths; Langar was placed second, but was disqualified, as his rider (the Hon. E. Wiloughby) could not draw his weight; Oliver Twist broke down. Doncaster Handicap Steeplechase: Mr. J. Stevenson's Jack, by General Williams out of Carnation (T. Cunningham), 1; Carnoustie, 2; Annie, 3; five ran; won by four lengths. An objection to the winner, on the ground of foul riding, was overruled; but Cunningham was fined £10 and prohibited from riding on the second day. Corporation Plate: Mr. R. Danby's Minar, by Cathedral, dam by Rapparee (Mr. T. Spence), 1; Manfred, 2; Cowdray, 3; five ran; won by a length. Second day (Tuesday).—Match for 100 sovs.: Deuce of Diamonds (Orbell) beat Daisy in a canter by twenty lengths. Yorkshire Handicap Steeplechase Plate: Annie, by Strafford out of Olive Branch (Waddington), 1; Carnoustie, 2; Jack, 3; six ran; won by three lengths. The Grove Plate: Mr. E. Dalglish's Neptune, by Asteroid out of Mermaid (Wheeldon), 1; Waterloo (Waddington), 2; Juga, 3; Cassé Tête also ran; won easily by ten lengths. Stewards' Hurdle-Race: Mr. J. M. Richardson's Zigeuner, by Saunterer out of Circe (Wheeldon), 1; Redlight, 2; Hasty Harriet, 3; Miss Mary also ran; won by twenty lengths. The winner was sold to Mr. Marsden for 110gs. Carr House Cup: Mr. W. R. Brockton's Marmion (h b), by Codrington, dam by Oulton (Mr. Brockton), 1; Northbrook, 2; Consolation, 3; Carbuncle and Carlowrie also ran; won by three lengths. Stapleton Park Plate: Mr. E. Davy's Novice (Walker), 1; Carbuncle, 2; Novice, 3; won cleverly by half a length; bad third. The weather was fine, and there was a good company on both days, while the receipts for the two days was quite £100 more than last year: Badsworth Hall Plate: Mr. T. Spence's Winifred (Owner), 1; Bloodshed, 2; Mecenas, 3; Ironmould, Dun-drum, The Stag, Flora Macdonald, Cypher, filly by D'Estourneau out of Queen Lily, Lady Gosling, and Claribel also ran; won by three lengths.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

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THE PROUD SALOPIAN.—The name "Frou Frou" is simply a fancy name, supposed to be suggestive of the rustle of a silk dress. It is French in origin, and would be pronounced as "Froo Froo."

### THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

To judge from facts and rumours, the existence of a Metropolitan C.C. must daily be becoming more and more unendurable, and his "little game," like Bret Harte's Caucasian, wellnigh played out. Open and secret foes have their knives indiscriminately in the unhappy purveyor of sport for the people; he needs the arm of a Briareus and the pens of many ready writers to defend himself from attacks on all sides; and no friendly Pallas appears, *ex machinâ*, to cover with her protecting aegis the spirited proprietor or obliging manager, whose efforts in the cause of sport fail to meet with their deserved recognition. No sooner is the Kingbury Resident silenced than the *Times* "takes up his wondrous tale," and parades the woes of its correspondent in leaded type; the lesser luminaries of the daily press "hedge to" the opinions of their own sporting correspondents; and, finally, the *Field* comes down upon them with such power in its elbow as we did not believe our excellent contemporary to possess. Ugly and sinister rumours are afloat as to the intentions of the Legislature to weave a magic circle round the metropolis, beyond the radius of which would-be caterers of sport for the million must pitch their roving tents; 'appy 'Ampton itself is threatened; and the outposts of the enemy, it is asserted, are to be pushed forward close to the classic ground of Epsom itself. Mr. Du Pre Thornton and his society for the disestablishment of Kingsbury and Warner and Co. threatens with a diversion eastwards; nay, from the governing body of the Turf itself proceed certain indistinct mutterings of abolition, and signs of a coming crusade against the lesser racing folk. The magisterial mind is exercised to its inmost depths as to what course prosecutions are to take; and all interested in the question of betting inclosures and the like would be thankful for the long-talked-of "case" to be exhaustively argued and gravely decided before the Court of Queen's Bench, and the ghosts of doubts and difficulties to be finally laid by an ermine judgment. While we agree almost entirely with the views expressed by the writer in the *Field* as to a due observation of the "close time" with horses, and the consequent limitation of those centres of sport which keep the ball rolling during the so-called "silly season," we base our objections to suburban gatherings not so much on the "gate money" grievance, which seems to have harrowed the soul of a Manchester racecourse director, as on various other circumstances connected with the characteristics and conduct of metropolitan meetings. The fact that at nearly all the favourite resorts of cockneydom a shilling is charged for admission to view the Olympian games does not make them one whit more objectionable in our eyes; indeed, it is difficult to advance any very clear reason why proprietors should not adopt this mode of adding to the funds necessary to supplement their prizes. Our objection to them lies in a totally opposite direction, and is mainly founded on the inutility of such *rénunions* as a means calculated to raise the character either of the men or horses connected with the Turf. The hottest advocates of sport in the suburbs would not, we presume, for one moment contend that Hendon or Streatham improved the breed of racers or chasers, nor would they pretend that the company resorting thither represented society of such high tone as it is desirable frequently to assemble together for the general good. The prizes offered are not sufficiently high (except at Croydon) to attract anything out of the common way; and, while fully inclined to combat the malicious and ignorant exaggerations of indignant residents and dilettanti reformers, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that blackguardism and ruffianism are attracted to placeso "handytown," not because race-meetings are in course of celebration, but because their prey is to be found in such localities, attracted by the meeting in progress. The "rough" does not look merely for a day's holiday, but is bent on combining business with pleasure. Racing he knows nothing whatever about, and cares less; only regarding it as a centre round which his operations may revolve, and placing a suburban meeting in the same category as a Royal Progress through town, the Civic Pageant, or the University Boat-Race. Mr. Warner and his brother managers, even though they failed to raise the character of racing by their ventures, would be merely indulging in a harmless amusement if they did not congregate the scum and refuse of the metropolis to "assist" at their revels. Royal and Civic processions are not things of weekly or even monthly occurrence, and the Boat-Race,

happily for our police authorities, comes but once a year. Let the sovereign people be amused by all means, and occasional monster meetings encouraged in the metropolis; but let proper limits be placed upon indiscriminate collections of the great unwashed, and let not the hordes of Ratcliff-highway, and dwellers in the East, be loosened upon society on the slightest excuse for a gathering of this class. The Manchester racecourse director, who pours out his vials of wrath on the head of our contemporary for his attack on an acknowledged nuisance in London, forgets that there is a vast difference between holding occasional meetings in the neighbourhood of a large city like his native town, and the practice of occupying two days a week for nearly half the year by gatherings in the immediate vicinity of London. In *Ruff's Guide* we see already twenty-two suburban meetings fixed to take place during the current year; and, as each may be said to occupy not less than a couple of days, we may reckon on over forty occasions when, as a sporting contemporary triumphantly observed, "racing is brought home to the doors of the people." The importance of the events decided yearly at Croydon might, by a stretch of imagination, be deemed worthy of occupying the six meetings which are advertised to be held at Woodside; but what Streatham has done to rival Newmarket in the number of its fixtures we must leave the apologist of sport in the suburbs to decide. Bromley, a sort of cockney Goodwood, has its three meetings; Eltham and West Drayton are satisfied with issuing programmes twice a year; while Kingsbury and Enfield are modestly content with a single celebration. Besides these, there are regular scrambles among managers for a Bank Holiday; and odd days, on some excuse or another, are perpetually swelling the programmes of "races to come." Another contemporary, usually well informed, speaks very hopefully of the intention of the promoters of the new meeting at Sandown Park, stating that all rowdyism will at once be put down with a high hand, and that its managers are determined to purify the Turf atmosphere as far as in them lies. We need hardly say that by carrying out this programme they will be doing an immense service to the racing community in England, by showing that sport can be conducted decently and in order, and need not necessarily be surrounded by those low-life attributes which enemies of the Turf are so apt to regard as cause instead of effect. Because the Derby Saturnalia at Epsom are a "canker of civilisation," and because folks are cozened and cheated, and Turf morality is at a low ebb on those classic heights, there is no reason why sport should be carried nearer to the "doors of the people." Bartlemy and Greenwich Fairs were excellent and useful institutions in by-gone days; but scarcely a voice was raised against the just doom inflicted on them, not on account of their immoral tendencies in the abstract, but because they had deteriorated merely into excuses for mob law and disturbance. We look upon so-called "gate-money" meetings in much the same light, and think the time has come when, at any rate, they should be cut down to more moderate proportions.

#### THE NEW RACECOURSE AT SANDOWN PARK.

On Saturday, a large party, comprising many gentlemen of the press, visited Sandown Park, near Esher, for the purpose of inspecting the new racecourse which has recently been constructed there, and were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Millward, now residing at Sandown Park House, and to whom a large share of the credit of the enterprise is due. Sandown Park comprises an area of about 120 acres, beautifully wooded on the higher ground in the vicinity of the stands, the soil being of a sandy character, which in wet weather is never heavy going, and in dry weather is always yielding and elastic. There will be but four artificial fences in one circuit of the steeplechase-course, which is about 200 yards over a mile and a half in extent, and the natural obstacles left will tax the powers of some of the most accomplished cross-country horses, without, however, exceeding the right to be entitled "fair hunting fences." On the far ground there is a bank and hedge, with a wide ditch on the taking-off side. For the steeplechase course there is a straight run in of over three furlongs, the first two furlongs being dead against collar. This is succeeded by a slight descent, when the ground again rises for about fifty yards to the winning-post. The Grand Stand will be built after the style of that at Auteuil, and, as well as the Members' Stand, will have a sloping lawn in front extending down to the course. All the flat-race course is capital galloping ground, and the turns wide and sweeping. It is intended, however, to ultimately inclose another field at the lower turn, when nearly a straight mile will be available. The hill will be one of the most charming features of the course. It is twelve acres in extent, and covered with grand towering old fir-trees, with the soil beneath as dry and springy as a Turkey carpet. All this space will be laid out in ornamental walks and studded with rhododendrons, summer tents, and alcoves, and inclosed strictly for the use of members of the club and their friends; while on the summit a skating-rink will form a special attraction for ladies. Adjoining this will be the large saddling paddock, surrounded on two sides by fine old elm-trees, and having an entrance from the Portsmouth-road. In the vicinity of the hill, on the village side, sixty loose boxes of commodious size, to be fitted with all the latest improvements, are in course of erection.

Considering all that has been written and said against gate-money meetings, the Sandown Park venture is, to say the least, a bold one, but it is expected that the half-crown admission-fee will serve to keep the company select, while the large sums of added money to the several stakes will no doubt be productive of first-class sport.

Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook are clerks of the course and secretaries to the meetings, and Mr. Whittaker Bush the general manager, and under the auspices of these gentlemen there can be little doubt of the ultimate financial success of the undertaking.

DEATH OF MR. MINOR.—From the *New York Clipper* we learn that Mr. Andrew Jackson Minor, who, it will be remembered, had charge of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses while in England, died at Jamaica, Long Island, on the 23rd ult. It was while Mr. Minor had charge of his horses that, in 1857, Mr. Ten Broeck won the Cesarewitch Stakes with Prioress, after a dead-heat with El Hakim and Queen Bess; the Great Yorkshire Handicap with the same mare in 1858; the Goodwood Stakes in 1859; and the Goodwood Cup in 1861 with Starkie; the Ascot Stakes with Optimist in 1861, and many other valuable races.

## "PSYCHO."

"Psycho" is certainly one of the most ingenious and amusing automata ever introduced to the British public, and Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook have every reason to be satisfied with the success that their new scientific toy has achieved during its short appearance on the stage. "Psycho" is an Oriental personage, standing, or rather sitting, about twenty inches high, of swarthy visage, with a pair of fierce black moustaches and long dark hair to match, which flows in unrestrained ringlets down his back. On his head he wears a white silk turban, picked out with orange, the whole being surmounted by a smart gilt rosette. He is clad in a jacket or tunic of dark green velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and round his neck is a large white lace collar, which completely envelops the shoulders of the figure. His nether extremities are encased in pantaloons of rose-coloured silk, which from a little distance have the appearance of a cushion; but on nearer inspection the puppet is found to be sitting with his legs crossed in front of him, Turkish fashion, the soles of his feet being presented to the spectators. He is seated on the top of a box, which, at a rough guess, we should compute to be about three feet square, and about eighteen inches high, in the front and two sides of which are three small doors, about eight or nine inches square, by opening which an uninterrupted view can be obtained of the interior of the box. At the left hand of the figure is a small black box, not unlike a ballot-box in shape, but smaller, in the front of which is a little glass window. The figure and box, which are apparently all in one piece, are carried on to the stage, and then placed on a large glass cylinder about 18 in. high and 1 ft. in diameter, which is previously submitted to the spectators for inspection. The object of the glass cylinder is to show that there is no communication between the figure and the floor of the stage; and, pending the performance, one or two of the spectators, ourselves among the number, were permitted to stand on the stage close to "Psycho," to ensure that he is not tampered with from behind. The figure having been duly placed, or rather balanced, on the glass pedestal, the performance is ready to commence. "Will any two persons among the spectators kindly think of a number not exceeding one hundred?" asks Mr. Maskelyne, who throughout acts as "Psycho's" spokesman. At first there is a dead silence in the room, and then three or four of the audience all speak at once, but finally the numbers ninety-eight and ninety-five are selected. "Multiply ninety-five by ninety-eight, Psycho," says Mr. Maskelyne, and almost as quickly as we can work out the sum with the aid of pencil and notebook the figures 9310 pass slowly in succession in front of the little glass window of the box that rests under "Psycho's" left arm. A pack of cards is then introduced, and three members of the spectators are requested to select each a card; one of these is then returned to the pack, which is placed on a little box in front of "Psycho," who forthwith places his hand in the box, and after a momentary hesitation produces the identical card, which the drawer had been previously requested to mark privately so as to prevent deception, and holds it up for the inspection of the spectators. After this, by means of a little bell—two notes of which, we are told, indicate "no" and three "yes"—"Psycho" informs us that the two remaining cards, which are still held in the hands of the parties who drew them, are the seven of diamonds and the six of spades. Then follows the famous whist *seance*. A small card-table is brought on and placed in the left-hand corner of the stage, at which three gentlemen who volunteer from the "stalls" take their seats and cut for the honour of playing with "Psycho," who remains motionless on his pedestal some ten or twelve feet from the card-table. In the mean time Mr. Maskelyne fixes in front of the figure a small "quadrant," or semicircular frame, in which he places his "hand" when it is dealt, the thirteen cards being set up in a row before the automaton, but without any arrangement as to suits. "Psycho's" partner has the deal, and turns up the two of hearts; and "Psycho's" left-hand adversary, who has five trumps to knave, then opens the game in the orthodox manner by leading the six, the lowest of the suit. "Psycho's" hand pauses for a moment over his cards, ranges slowly from left to right, back again from right to left, and then selects the queen of hearts, which he holds up to the spectators as before. The third player covers with the King, "Psycho's" partner drops the three of hearts, and the first trick is completed. As we are standing close to "Psycho's" shoulder, we take the liberty of looking over his hand, and find that he held the ace queen only of the suit led. The winner of the trick now returns the four of trumps, "Psycho's" partner plays the five, the third hand finesses the seven (having knave, ten, and eight), and "Psycho" wins the trick with the ace. It is now "Psycho's" turn to lead, which he forthwith proceeds to do. Having five clubs to the knave, he properly selects that suit, and leads, in orthodox fashion, the lowest—the deuce—utterly ignoring, to our great gratification, the new-fangled lead of the lowest but one. His partner wins the trick with the king, and, having a very powerful hand, except in trumps, leads several winning cards in succession. As we have elsewhere given the hand *in extenso*, we shall not follow it out here, but will merely remark that after the fifth trick Mr. Maskelyne, who had hitherto acted as master of the ceremonies, calling out the cards in the order they were played, retired to the other end of the stage, where he was unable to see the whist-table, and the sixth trick was played without any of the cards on the table being named; but this made no difference whatever to "Psycho," who produced his card and showed it to the stalls, with the same stolid vacuity of expression that had characterised his former movements. We confess we have not the faintest idea how the trick is accomplished. That there is no human agency inside the figure or box—as was notoriously the case with the chess automaton at the Crystal Palace—we are satisfied, as we had an opportunity of scrutinising both narrowly. Besides, there is not room in either to contain a decent-sized doll. We were convinced, too, that the movements of the figure were not controlled by the exhibitor, or at least not altogether, as he moved to different parts of the stage during the performances, and at one time, as we have shown, could not possibly have known himself what cards were played. Of a verity, "Psycho" is one of the "mysteries of London."

CRAWLER.—Previous to the race for the Hunters' Steeple-chase at Bromley, on Tuesday, Mr. A. Yates disposed of this horse to Mr. Liebert for 150 gs.

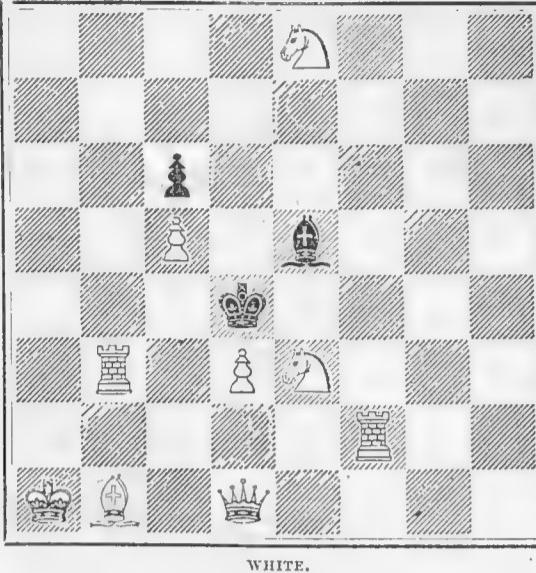
FLINT JACK.—After winning the Selling Hurdle Race at Bromley, on Tuesday, this horse was sold to Mr. Groucock for 70 gs.

"THE P. AND O. WALTZ" will, we have no doubt, be exceedingly welcome this season to those waltzers who, sated with the "Beautiful Danube" and "Galatea," long for some fresh tune to inspirit them to the dance. Mr. H. D. Pender, the young composer, a son of Mr. John Pender, M.P., in all probability caught his inspiration while voyaging in one of those floating palaces which give the title to his piece of music, so happily has he embodied in his vivacious waltz the beat of the waves, and felicitously combined a captivating melody with a good swinging measure. "The P. and O. Waltz," which has a capital view of a P. and O. boat as frontispiece, is published by Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.

## Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 41.  
By Mr. R. B. Wormald.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 39.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to K 6	Anything.
2. Q, R, B, or Kt mates.	

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 40.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q R 2	Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from J. H., L. S. T. (No. 38 and 39), T. H. T., F. Stocker (No. 38 and 39), A. W. S., and J. G.

F. STOCKER.—You can procure blank diagrams at a nominal price from W. W. Morgan, 67, Barbican, E.C.

W. R.—It is a smart little game, but the defence is too feebly played for publication.

AMOS B.—Can you furnish us with a copy of the problem referred to? We have no recollection of seeing it.

## CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Played between Mr. Mackenzie and an amateur, the former giving the odds of Queen's Knight, which must be removed from the board.

## [KING'S GAMBIT DECLINED.]

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. Q takes K B P (ch) Q takes Q	
2. P to K B 4	Kt to Q B 3 (a)	15. B takes Q	K takes B
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	16. R to K B sq	R to K 2
4. B to Q Kt 5	P takes P	17. R takes B	Kt to K B 3
5. Kt takes P	B to Q 2	18. P to Q Kt 3	R to B sq
6. B to Q B 4	Kt takes Kt	19. B to Q Kt 2	R to K B 2
7. P takes Kt	B to Q B 4 (b)	20. Q R to K B sq	Q R to K B sq
8. P to K 6	B takes P	21. R takes Kt	R takes R
9. B takes B	Q to K B 3	22. R takes R	Q takes R
10. Q to K R 5	B to B 7 (ch) (c)	23. K to K 3	K to B 2
11. K to K 2	P to K Kt 3	24. B takes R	K takes B
12. Q to Q Kt 5 (ch)	K to K 2	25. K takes P, and wins (d)	
13. Q to Q 7 (ch)	K to B sq		

## NOTES.

(a) This defence may fairly be ventured at the odds of a Knight.

(b) Tempting, but not good.

(c) We should have preferred the following continuation:

10. Q to B 7 (ch) | 12. Q to K 5 P takes B

11. K to Q sq P to K Kt 3 | 13. Q takes R Castles, &c.

(d) The extra Pawn must gain the day for White.

## MATCH BETWEEN NOTTINGHAM AND IPSWICH.

We append the opening moves of the Two Games now pending by correspondence between the Chess Clubs of Nottingham and Ipswich. It will be seen that the Nottingham Game has already reached a very interesting stage.

## NOTTINGHAM GAME.

WHITE (Nottingham).	BLACK (Ipswich).
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K B to Q B 4	Kt to B 3
3. P to Q 3	K B to Q B 4
4. K Kt to B 3	P to Q 3
5. P to Q B 3	Castles
6. B to K Kt 5	P to K R 3
7. B to K R 4	Kt to Q B 3
8. P to K R 3	B to K 3
9. K B to Q Kt 5	B to Q 2
10. Castles	P to K Kt 4
11. B to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 4
12. B to Q R 4	K to R 2
13. Kt to K R 2	R to K Kt sq
14. Q to Kt 2	P to K R 4
15. P to K R 4	P takes P
16. B takes P	B to K R 6
17. Q Kt to K B 3	R takes P (ch)
18. K to R sq	Q to K Kt sq

DEATH OF MR. DE VERE.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. De Vere, which took place at Torquay on Tuesday week. He was in his twenty-eighth year.

## "DRIBBLING."

Very few games have made such marked progress in popularity during the last fifteen or twenty years as football. The diversity of rules under which it was played at the public schools, and the little favour with which it was regarded before the revival of athletics, were formidable obstacles to be overcome before it could assume its proper position. The clubs in London could be counted on the fingers of one hand, while in the provinces—at least south of the Tweed—it was almost unknown. The great difficulty in the way of match-playing has been removed by the codification of the rules, and football-players are now divided into two great camps—the Association and the Rugby Football Union—having really very little in common, and playing games so widely different that it is the exception to find any man attaining distinction in both. Of the latter game, by far the more violent and dangerous of the two, charging and running with the ball are the principal characteristics, and weight and strength are indispensable qualities in a good player. "Dribbling"—of which we give an illustration—is the strong point under the Association rules, and gives more room for the display of skill and judgment; while, so far from brute force being essential, it generally happens that the best men are compact, wiry fellows, of average size, who can turn and dodge with a readiness unattainable by the giants who carry everything before them in a "scrimmage."

## Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

## BILLIARDS.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.  
Sir,—Our attention has been called to a paragraph contained in a recent issue of your Paper reflecting upon an advertisement lately inserted by us in some of the sporting papers. The writer, perhaps hurriedly, but certainly in a very generous spirit, charged us with unfairness and a want of good feeling towards a firm which he is pleased to style "rival manufacturers." We distinctly state that we intended no allusion in our advertisement to any individual firm of billiard-table makers.

As large manufacturers (established now upwards of half a century), whilst courting fair and honest competition, we deprecate the conduct and tactics of certain quasi-manufacturers and individuals interested in procuring orders.

We are naturally jealous of our reputation; but consider it safe in the keeping of the public, without resorting to the expedient suggested by the writer of the article in question.

In justice to ourselves we request you to kindly insert this letter. We are, Sir, yours truly, THURSTON AND CO. Catherine-street, Strand, London, W.C., Feb. 17.

## A PLEA FOR OPERA-BOUFFE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.  
Sir,—Amid the general hubbub of complaint that has been raised against opera-bouffe, it may not seem impertinent to ask how this class of composition took so strong a hold on the public in this country.

For that it has been popular everyone must admit. That it may still be so is not improbable—if it is not made the vehicle for parading before the public what is neither pleasing to the eye nor edifying to the mind. Such a performance, for instance, as was lately to be seen at one of the Strand theatres has in truth no claim to the title of opera-bouffe. It is not an opera; it is in no sense funny; and the less we have of it the better.

Opera-bouffe is never likely again to be as popular in England as in the first days of the *Grand Duchess*, *Geneviève de Brabant*, and *Fille de Madame Angot*. It is an exotic, so essentially French in character, that it must ever be difficult to adapt to English tastes; but when properly and carefully produced—as it may now be seen at the Criterion and Royalty Theatres—it is worthy of support. How large a section of playgoers have been amused by its bright melodies and playful fooling, without, let us hope, having their tastes vitiated! We have a sufficient number of artists to form two—at the most three—companies who could play this kind of opera well. Every theatre cannot attempt to take up the "legitimate" drama. Good opera-bouffe is certainly preferable to indifferent comedy and meagre farce.

The tone of the press has, indeed, strangely altered within the last few months. Because of the *Vert-Vert* scandal—because *Lion* utterly failed through its own inherent weakness, the critics tell us that opera-bouffe is a thing of the past. One paper, in noticing the performance of *La Pécherole* at the Royalty, says:—"It seems to us somewhat inopportune that a work of the very doubtful character of *La Pécherole* should be almost literally translated for performance before an English audience." Strange to say this same paper two months ago asked the question "Why does not Madame Dolaro appear in *La Pécherole*?" She has a taste for a Spanish character, and would be a picture; and in this opera we have the prettiest music that Offenbach ever wrote."

The manageress of the Royalty may, or may not, have been influenced in the choice of an opera by these words, but the writer of them might have preserved a dignified silence, if he had nothing better to say. The daily papers were generally unfavourable to this piece, but two of the highest authorities—the *Academy* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*—poke in high terms of the performance. The latter, indeed, assures us that Dr. Watts himself would not have been in the least offended at it. What more do we want than this?

The plot of *La Pécherole* is, in fact, no worse than the plots of most Italian operas, and is far less objectionable than many. A skilful adapter might easily have removed the blemishes that remain. As to the music, it is Offenbach at his best; and both he and Leococq, though far inferior to Verdi and Donizetti, are masters of their own peculiar styles.

The critic quoted above has also something to say on the question of Italian operas:—"When amateurs begin to care for, or even comprehend, the plots of Italian operas, it will be quite time enough to stop them."

Where ignorance is bliss,  
Tis folly to be wise.

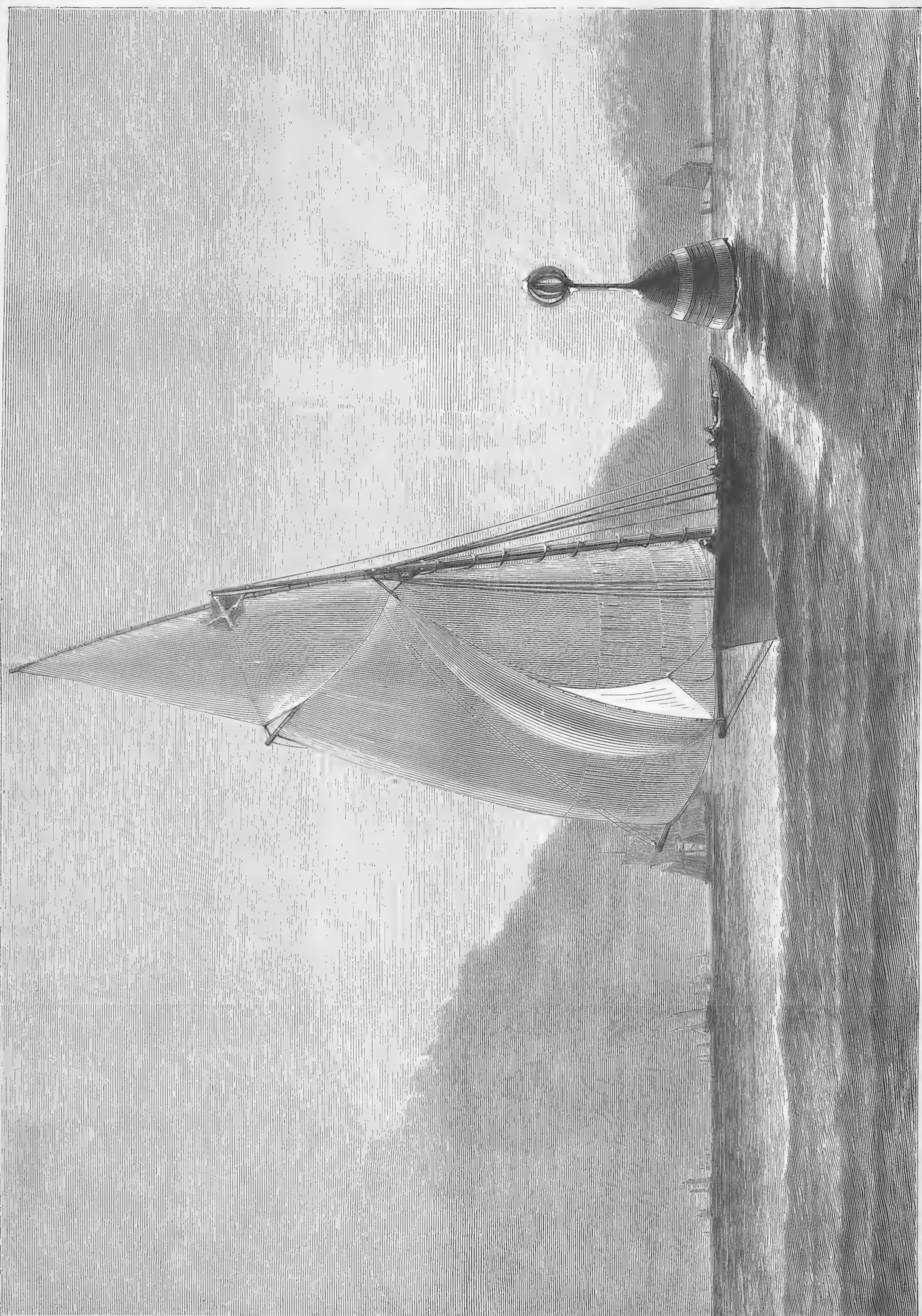
says the poet; therefore, the less lovers of music know of what they hear the better. This would be reserving Covent Garden exclusively for the unintelligent.

In conclusion, let me again express my opinion that, when thoroughly well acted and sung, opera-bouffe is still entitled to receive the favour of the English public, who are ever ready to recognise the claims of genuine dramatic effort.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

NORMAN W. HILL.

SALE OF GREYHOUNDS AT LIVERPOOL.—At Messrs. Lucas's Repository, Liverpool, on Tuesday, a number of valuable greyhounds were disposed of. Mr. Binning's celebrated stud dog Master Birnie (by Fusilier) was purchased by Mr. Jardine for 70 gs., while a sapling fawn bitch, the property of Mr. C. Abbotson, got by Master Birnie out of Wee Avon, went to Mr. Henderson for 24 gs. A red and white bitch puppy, by Cavalier out of Avonside, was knocked down to Mr. Marfleet for 42 gs.; while Tackle and Talavera, belonging to Mr. J. R. Thompson, fetched 20 gs. and 15 gs. respectively.

LA MARCHE STEEPLECHASES.—First day, Sunday, Feb. 14.—Results:—Prix d'Ouverture: Captain Ernest's Amadon, by Compiègne out of Jeanne d'Arc (



AFTER A DRIFTING RACE—THE WINNING BUOY.



SPORTING AND DRAMATIC VALENTINES.

## Our Captious Critic.



THE pantomime season is drawing to a close. In answer to that exciting conundrum, "Which is the best pantomime in London?" the majority of managers have naïvely responded, "Mine!" Of course, we believe them all. The veracity of theatrical managers has become proverbial. Extraordinary as it may appear, they actually prefer telling the truth—even when there is nothing to be gained by lying. But now that Parliament reassembles and Easter looms in the middle-distance (to use a painting phrase), the managerial brain is occupied with considerations of profit and loss, and how best to dispose of secondhand properties, dresses, and effects to provincial caterers who hope to live to see another Christmas. Now our valued friends the Clowns are beginning to reflect how much they have gained in the way of perquisites, sharing with the scene-painter for advertisements in the comic scenes. They also have to bethink themselves of other employment during the off months. Some will carry their comical talent into ordinary drama. Others will address themselves to useful occupations which they were fortunate enough to learn in early youth; more will seek the sawdust of the circus, and tumble there congenially, in many climes; while a few—perchance becoming converted for the nonce—will accept evangelical engagements and preach the Gospel round about, in the company of disabled prizefighters, until returning winter enables them once more to bound before a transformation scene with "Here we are again!" What has diverted my



Goody and Twanky.

thoughts especially again to pantomime is a letter I have received from my young nephew, Theodore, who has lately returned to his studies at the academy of the celebrated Dr. Valoroso, situate in the salubrious valley of Marrow-in-the-Bone, Turfshire. I took the boy to most of the London pantomimes during his vacation, and he now writes me an account of an exercise which the learned Doctor (himself a good dramatist) has set the boys upon the subject of the Drama. But before I quote your letter, my dear Theo, I must inform you that Dr. V. borrowed his idea from Dr. Swishtail, who had charge of the late Mr. Punch's boys before their venerable parent followed his friends Thackeray and Leech to an untimely grave (of course you know that the concern now carried on under the name of Mr. P. is only the hollow shell of what once was a rich kernel of humour and wit). But Theodore's letter contains some points worthy of notice, so I will quote a portion of it, correcting the orthography here and there; for no amount of teaching will ever make that boy a correct speller. He says:—

"Dear Uncle—I got back all safe. I hope you are quite well. I would have written to you before, but I was in bed the first week from having eaten 8 raspberry-tarts at Slocoche Junkshon, where we had to wait an hour for the Marrow train. The housekeeper gave me castor-oil, and that made me worse. I want to tell you about an exercise Dr. Valoroso gave us

about theatres. He said, all the boys who had been to the theatre in the holidays to hold up their hands. I held mine up, and so did Bob Jones and about five more. Then he said to open our copy-books, and, instead of writing the copy lines in the book, such as "Universal urbanity is useful," to write lines about the Drama from A to Z; and, to make us understand, he set a copy of 'Unacted plays are always works of genius.' And he said he would give a prize to the best copy of lines. Bob Jones got the prize, because he had a line about 'Amateur authors always abhor actors.' And mine got the worst marks, because he said pantomimes were the 'relics of a barbarous age.' So I send my copy to you to ask your opinion. I write them carefully, as follows:

- 'Amusements are acceptable.'
- 'Beauty benefits boys.'
- 'Clowns create comic scenes.'
- 'Demons delay diversion.'
- 'Entertainments enliven earth.'
- 'Fairies find favour.'
- 'Gnomes grow gammony.'
- 'Harlequinades heighten holidays.'
- 'Indians increase enjoyment.'
- 'Jugglers juggle jollily.'
- 'Kolumbines kause kommotion.'
- 'Lime-lights look like lucifers.'
- 'Monkeys make more merriment.'
- 'Nobody notices nasty nonsense.'
- 'Only old oligarchs ogle.'
- 'Pantaloons provoke pity.'
- 'Queens quickly quell qualms.'
- 'Rigid rules restrain ribaldry.'
- 'Stupid censors severely censure short skirts.'
- 'Transformation-scenes try tempers.'
- 'Useful undertakings usually ugly.'
- 'Virtuous varieties invariably vapid.'
- 'Waxworks won't wash.'
- 'X Policeman xcites xtraordinary xhilaration.'
- 'Youth yells yearly.'

"Dear Uncle, I could not find anything for Z except *holling Z*, and that would be a pun and I know you do not approve of puns. With love to Ant I remaine

"Your affected nevew,                   'THEODORE.'

"N.B.—Dear uncle please send me 5 shillings in your next because I owe Bob Jones half a crown on a Bett. I layed him half a crown to sixpence that Drury-Lane pantomime was the best, and he won. Jones is a *mean sneak* and I am going to fite him on Sattarday when the Doctar has gone to dine with the Parson."

Many as are the abuses which one encounters in the theatrical world, it is not often anything turns up sufficiently irritating to put one really out of temper. However, this week, a select little incident has come to my knowledge which almost tempts me to forget that urbanity of language which is proper to all literary utterance. It is this. In a West-End theatre, at present exhibiting one of the most popular entertainments in London, there has been promoted by some enterprising official a subscription among the employés for the purpose of giving a dinner to the "workmen" of the establishment on Ash Wednesday. The "workmen" of a theatre are supposed to include all the able-bodied men and competent artisans employed, from the master carpenter to flymen, gasmen, &c., whose salaries range from about £4 per week to 25s. I know not whether this Ash Wednesday subscription-dinner to these able-bodied persons be an established practice in London theatres or no. If it be, it makes the grievance all the stronger and the injustice still more crying. Subscriptions among theatrical companies are a very usual and sometimes a very laudable practice. For instance, in the case of accident or illness laying aside any small-salaried and large-familied member of the profession, it is pleasant to witness the alacrity with which all the others will put their hands in their pockets and give very often much more than they can afford to the relief of the sufferer. These are voluntary kindnesses suggested by a fellow-feeling which is strong among Bohemians. But the subscriptions I object to are involuntary in the case of the greater number of the subscribers, and this greater number belonging to the most poorly paid class in theatres. Acting managers (about the only class of officials who appear to retire from the theatre in opulence) are always having little testimonials presented them—now a watch, now a ring, again a breast-pin—the result of general subscription proposed by some prosperous member of the company whose donation heads the list, and levied mercilessly all the way down to the ballet. It is thus that the Ash-Wednesday banquet to the "workmen" is promoted at the—Well; I will not mention the name of the theatre, as it is the system I want to attack, not merely an individual instance of it. Bah! If I were the successful author who heads the list with his couple of guineas, or the prosperous manager who does likewise, or the acting managers, treasurers, and the like, who contribute their half-guineas or crown-pieces, I should be ashamed of myself when I reflected that I had given precedent for a tax to be levied upon the solitary weekly sovereign of a score or so of chorus and ballet-girls, who, if they are to live upon their salaries (and some of them do, whatever Pimlico and Brompton may say to the contrary), must need every penny, and then exist in a meagre way pitiful to contemplate. If I were the gallant British workman for whom the banquet was provided I should be ashamed to eat it; the victuals would stick in my throat as I thought of Polly's shilling and Jenny's sixpence forced from the poor children in order to provide entertainment for strong, healthy men who are very decently paid for their labour all the year round. When I say *forced* from them, I speak the truth, since for a ballet-girl to refuse to give her shilling or sixpence to swell the list would be (as she well knows) in some way to draw down odium and discomfort upon herself in the theatre. Doubtless it is very right and very politic for manager or sub-manager to maintain his popularity with the "workmen" employed about the theatre. It serves him in many ways to have the good word of those beer-loving, blaspheming Britons. But let him maintain it at his own expense. The promoter of such subscriptions as I have been alluding to acquires an increase of popularity for himself (for the "workmen" will always talk of him as Mr. So-and-So, who "got up that bit o' dinner for us on Hash Wednesday") at the expense of a crowd of poorly-paid girls who never receive any similar return, for one does not hear of stage carpenters, scene-shifters, gasmen, flymen, dramatic authors, or acting managers gathering together in a sweet and holy union to subscribe of their weekly wage a portion to provide a banquet for the chorus and ballet girls upon Ash Wednesday or any other fast or festival throughout the year. Before this is in print the "workmen" at the Blank Theatre will have had their "little feed." Much good may it do you, "Guzzling Jim"! Eat till you burst, "Gorging Billy"! Then the pair of you go home, knock your wives about the head with the poker or any hard weapon that's handy; then embrace each other, swear eternal friendship, both thoroughly agreed upon one thing—that "Mr. So-and-So, he's the proper sort, he is!" But what about Polly's shilling and Jenny's sixpence?



Being led to make inquiries therewith, I learn that Belfast is an important commercial town in the north of Ireland with 200,000 inhabitants. It is favourably distinguished in many ways. For example, its people, with but few exceptions, are teetotallers. They are very religious, and it is said to be something astonishing, the perfect harmony in which those of different faiths dwell together. Protestants and Roman Catholics have there the strongest brotherly love for one another. There is an utter absence of street-rioting, too, which renders magisterial functions all but superfluous. The native dialect is remarkable for its charm of accent, sweeter and more soft than the divinest Italian. There is but one theatre to as many hundred churches, chapels, and meeting-houses. Playgoers have an insurmountable taste for legitimate drama. They like it hot and strong. Barry Sullivan makes a goodly annuity by playing there one month out of the year. He has long been their theatrical hero. Lately they have set up a heroine. None other than the charming Miss Wallis of Drury Lane. I see in a newspaper which has been sent me her announcement that she will play *Norma*, a new play founded on the opera of that name, and written by Colonel Richards. This seems to me to involve a point of literary etiquette, for it was well known that some months ago Miss Wallis had accepted a play of the same name from Mr. Arthur Matthison, and it was announced that she would play it in Belfast. Mr. Matthison, I am informed, withdrew his piece after it had been some time in Miss Wallis's possession because he considered the remuneration offered ridiculously inadequate. It seems somewhat unfair, where an author has suggested his subject and written his drama, for the manager, who has perused and approved of the piece, to take advantage of the idea thus suggested, after the play has been withdrawn, and employ another author to write up the same subject. Mr. Matthison's *Norma*, though first written, is, of course, to a certain extent disabled by the prior presentation of a second version arising from his suggestion. To say nothing of artistic courtesy, this is so very human, you perceive.

At the Court Theatre I was dreadfully alarmed lest Mr. Hill, who had the whole burden of endeavouring to knock some fun out of a dreadfully stupid farce, called *Dreadfully Alarming*, should hurt himself, such were his physical—and, it must be confessed, comical—exertions. However, I was agreeably surprised to find this excellent comedian turn up, later on, in Brighton (to which I will briefly allude anon), sound in wind and limb, funnier than ever, and in such an hilarious mood that occasionally I felt like throwing something

mr W. J. Hill, a:  
mr Vanderkump.

at him to keep him quiet. Because, you know, I am not allowed to laugh at anything in a theatre, however amusing. In a vague way, the piece which followed the farce brought "Jane Eyre" to my mind. It is called *Maggie's Situation*, and is written by Maddison Morton; the heroine is a governess, and the disguise business somehow reminded me of the incident in the

novel where Rochester in the dress of a gipsy endeavours to discover the real sentiments of Jane Eyre. The piece has a more serious strain than the author of it is usually found harping upon. I will not say that Miss Litton plays 'Maggie' in a manner so charming and finished as to almost disarm criticism, though I think so all the same. I will not assert that she is one of the very few actresses who are capable of giving refinement to the most vulgar modern comedy, but it is nevertheless true. In *Maggie's Situation* she has a nice little bit of realism which suits her. The pretty simpleton, whose sole accomplishments are the making of piecrust and brewing of cowslip wine is an uncommonly graceful sketch. It is almost a pity the piece is so slight. I should like to see 'Maggie' subjected to the vicissitudes of a three-act comedy. Mrs. Chippendale plays designing and snobbish mammas with an artistic *breadth* which many actresses try without success to attain. In this piece she is all-sufficient. *Brighton* is altogether too farcical for this lady's talents. Mr. Edgar Bruce plays the part of the hero in *Maggie's Situation*. Frank Geoghegan detests heroes—they are so confoundedly conceited. Altogether this little comedietta makes us wish there was more of it. *Brighton* is such a nondescript piece that one scarcely knows how to describe it. A distinguished Hibernian friend of mine defined it thus. "See here, now," said he, "I can compare it to nothin' so fitly as to a bottle of *Heidsuck's Dry Monopole*. Sur, it has a champeen-like brilliancy which exhilarates the spirits widout becloudin' th' intellect!" For my part I think Mr. Wyndham's absurdities as 'Bob Sackett' have at last furnished a worthy rival to the perennial 'Lord Dundreary.' Mr. Bruce has profited greatly by his contact with so finished and clever an actor. About Mr. W. Hill I can say no more than I have said already—his fun eludes description. And as for the girls—well, they are a lot of wicked flirts, who ought all to be locked up in the Brighton Pavilion and debarred the privilege of male society for a whole season. But, bless you, I suppose they'd find means of flirting if relegated even to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat. Upon my word, I never saw such a set of seaside scrapgraces in my life. There's that handsome widow, who ought to know better than to flirt in aquaria; that young Mrs. Carter, who has heartlessly married old Mr. Carter, and will never move from "the spot where she originally fell" so long as she can have a good-looking young gentleman's arms to support her; and there's that little Virginia, one of those demure cats who seems all sentiment and bread-and-butter until you get her into a corner by herself; and saucy little "Rosebud" Whatsaname, who is mischief incarnate. Well, well, *carpe diem*, pretty dears, while there is yet time; for the years roll on that will, indeed, make you *wispy* in a different sense, when you are too old for flirtation and your locks turn so grey that you will have to *dye'em*. I begin to fear that your humble servant is growing witty, so I will pull him up, lest, peradventure, I shall become a laughing-stock to the Jew and to the Gentile imbecility. I see by the papers that a couple of Exeter Hall stars are drawing crowded houses in Liverpool. What a pity they are not in London! Mr. Holland might, despite the Lord Chamberlain, fill the Surrey Theatre (on Ash Wednesday) by engaging them to go on and sing

"Here we suffer grief and Payne."

\* \* \* Owing to the "Captious Critic" having been crowded out last week, it will be observed that his reference to Ash Wednesday is now somewhat a day after the fair; but, with this explanation, it is believed it will prove none the less entertaining to our readers.

### Whist.

The following game was played at Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainment, Egyptian Hall, on Saturday evening last, "Psycho" being one of the players. A was "Psycho's" partner, and B and C their opponents. The index (♦) denotes the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

#### THE HANDS.

A'S HAND.		C'S HAND.	
Hearts	—5, 3, 2.	Hearts	—Knave 10, 8, 7, 6.
Diamonds	—Ace, King, Knave, and 5.	Diamonds	—8, 6, 2.
Spades	—Ace, King.	Spades	—8, 6, 4.
Clubs	—Ace, King, 10, 6.	Clubs	—8, 5.

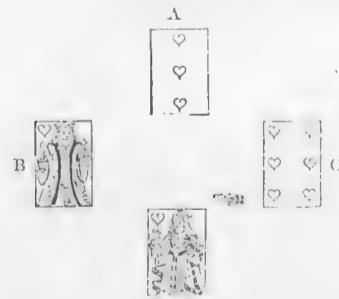
B'S HAND.		C'S HAND.	
Hearts	—King, 9, 4.	Hearts	—Knave 10, 8, 7, 6.
Diamonds	—Queen, 9, 7, 4.	Diamonds	—8, 6, 2.
Spades	—Queen, 7, 5, 2.	Spades	—8, 6, 4.
Clubs	—Queen, 7.	Clubs	—8, 5.

"Psycho's" HAND.

Hearts —Ace, Queen.  
Diamonds—10, 3.  
Spades —Knave, 10, 9, 3.  
Clubs —Knave, 9, 4, 3, 2.

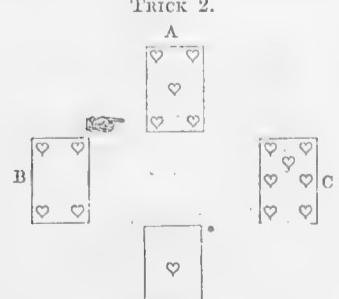
A turned up the Two of Hearts.

#### TRICK 1.



TRICK 1.—Won by B. B C, 1; "Psycho" and A, 0.

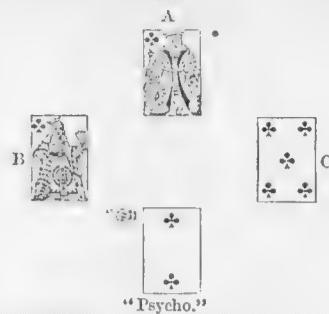
#### TRICK 2.



TRICK 2.—Won by "Psycho." "Psycho" and A, 1; B C, 1.

B, having originally three only of the suit, ought of course to have returned the Nine. By playing the Four he put C to the unpleasant necessity of guessing, besides leaving him in doubt as to the position of the Nine. As "Psycho" wins Trick 2 with the Ace, C naturally concludes the Nine to be in A's hand, and B to be void of trumps.

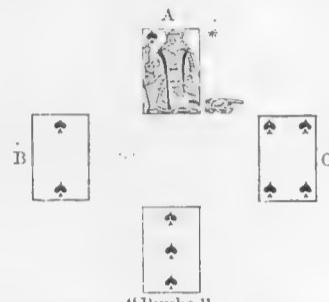
#### TRICK 3.



"Psycho."

TRICK 3.—Won by A. "Psycho" and A, 2; B C, 1. Since "Psycho" commenced to play in public, he has evidently gone through a course of "the books" and learned the recognised leads. When he first came out he was hopelessly in the dark in this respect, and generally preferred leading from a suit of two, of which he invariably played the smaller card—leading for example the Seven from Ace, Seven, and the Nine, from Queen, Nine. But we all live and learn. B, of course, ought to have played the Seven of Clubs second hand, though his putting on the Queen did not affect the result.

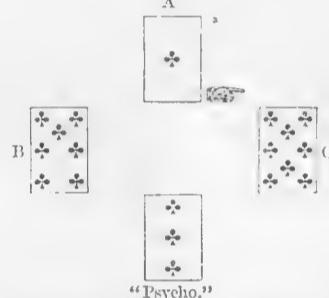
#### TRICK 4.



"Psycho."

TRICK 4.—Won by A. "Psycho" and A, 3; B C, 1.

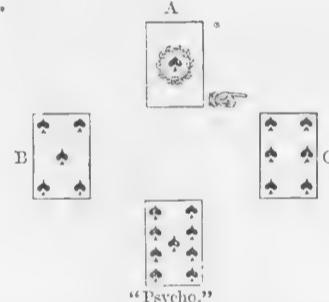
#### TRICK 5.



"Psycho."

TRICK 5.—Won by A. "Psycho" and A, 4; B C, 1. A properly attempts to clear "Psycho's" suit before continuing the Spades, or opening the Diamonds.

#### TRICK 6.

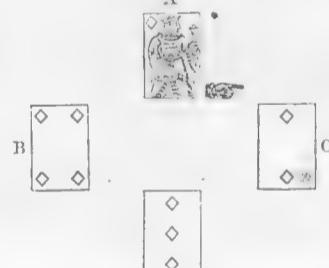


"Psycho."

TRICK 6.—Won by A. "Psycho" and A, 5; B C, 1.

We should have preferred opening the Diamond suit to leading the best Spade. A, however, doubtless hoped to make his Two of Trumps on a Spade.

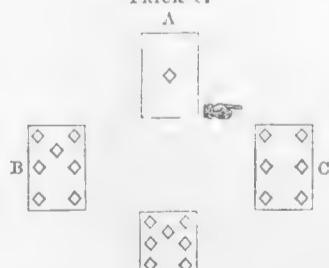
#### TRICK 7.



"Psycho."

TRICK 7.—Won by A. "Psycho" and A, 6; B C, 1.

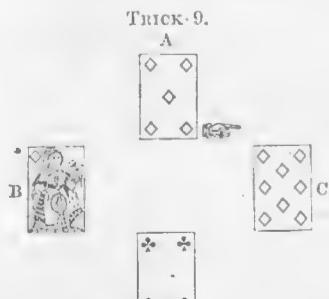
#### TRICK 8.



"Psycho."

TRICK 8.—Won by A. "Psycho" and A, 7; B C, 1.

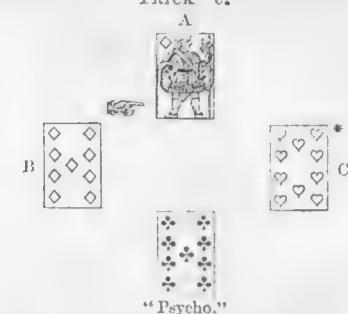
#### TRICK 9.



"Psycho."

TRICK 9.—Won by B. "Psycho" and A, 7; B C, 2.

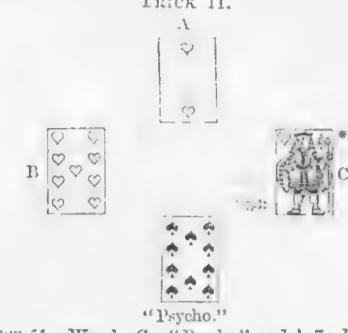
#### TRICK 10.



"Psycho."

TRICK 10.—Won by C. "Psycho" and A, 7; B C, 3. C evidently is not quite certain that "Psycho" may not, after all, hold the Nine of Trumps, and accordingly fears to trump with the Eight; but, as he had finessed the Seven successfully at Trick 2, he ought to have been tolerably clear on this point. All this embarrassment, however, arises from B's bad play at Trick 2.

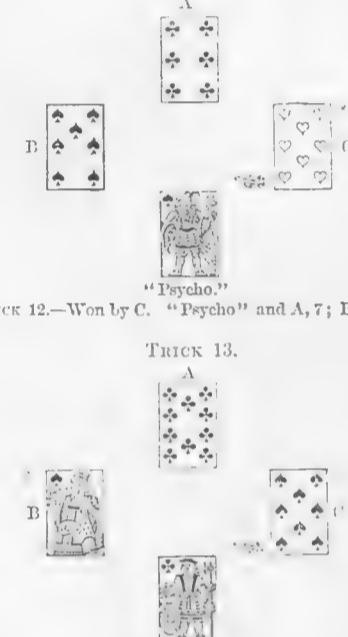
#### TRICK 11.



"Psycho."

TRICK 11.—Won by C. "Psycho" and A, 7; B C, 4.

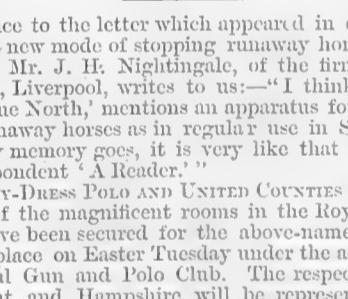
#### TRICK 12.



"Psycho."

TRICK 12.—Won by C. "Psycho" and A, 7; B C, 5.

#### TRICK 13.



"Psycho."

In reference to the letter which appeared in our last issue respecting a new mode of stopping runaway horses by means of a lasso, Mr. J. H. Nightingale, of the firm of Lee and Nightingale, Liverpool, writes to us—"I think Sala, in his 'Journey Due North,' mentions an apparatus for curbing and stopping runaway horses as in regular use in St. Petersburg. So far as my memory goes, it is very like that suggested by your correspondent 'A Reader.'"

THE FANCY-DRESS POLO AND UNITED COUNTIES HUNT BALL.—The whole of the magnificent rooms in the Royal Pavilion at Brighton have been secured for the above-named ball, which is to take place on Easter Tuesday under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club. The respective hunts in Sussex, Kent, and Hampshire will be represented by their masters, who are to be empowered to grant vouchers to their friends.

OSTEND RACES AND STEEPECHASES will take place on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 15 and 16.

LONGWOOD (COUNTY MEATH, IRELAND) RACES are arranged to take place on Monday, April 5.

LANGAR.—This half-bred horse by Codrington, who ran second to Susan for the Licensed Victuallers' Stakes at the Doncaster Hunt Meeting on Monday, was disqualified on account of his rider (Hon. H. Willoughby) being unable to draw his proper weight. Oliver Twist (who broke down during the race) was therefore placed second, and Morton third.

BROOMSTICK, the winner of the Selling Steeplechase at Worcester, on Tuesday, has been objected to for running at a meeting where the Grand National Rules are not in force, and the race consequently remains in abeyance.

DICKEY BIRD.—After coming in first for the Hunters' Flat Race at Bromley, this colt was disqualified for not having carried a penalty which he had incurred by winning previously.

OSPREY.—This horse, after winning the Hunters' Selling Race at Worcester, on Tuesday, was objected to for being in the Forfeit List, but was bought in for 80gs.; and Survivor, who was one of the beaten horses, was sold to Mr. Tyler for 20gs.

VULCAN.—This celebrated old horse, now leased by Mr. W. H. Clark, has arrived at Hook House, Howden, Yorkshire, where he will serve mares during the season. Mr. Clark states that his grand looks have greatly pleased the "tykes," and that he has already been promised several well-bred mares.

THE EARL OF SHANNON'S HOUNDS.—We learn with regret from a trustworthy source that the Earl of Shannon has given up hunting in Ireland, and left his country residence on Saturday last for England, where he intends hunting in future. A large deputation of gentlemen waited on his Lordship, on Friday last, with a view of inducing him to change his present intention. The Earl was steadfast, and said that if £8000 per year was guaranteed he would not hunt next season, especially as he anticipated great scarcity of game. Six gentlemen, portion of the deputation, offered £100 each per pack. His Lordship said it was his present intention to take them to England for hunting next season; but if he did not do so they would have the first preference of them.—*Irish Times*.

## GARRY.

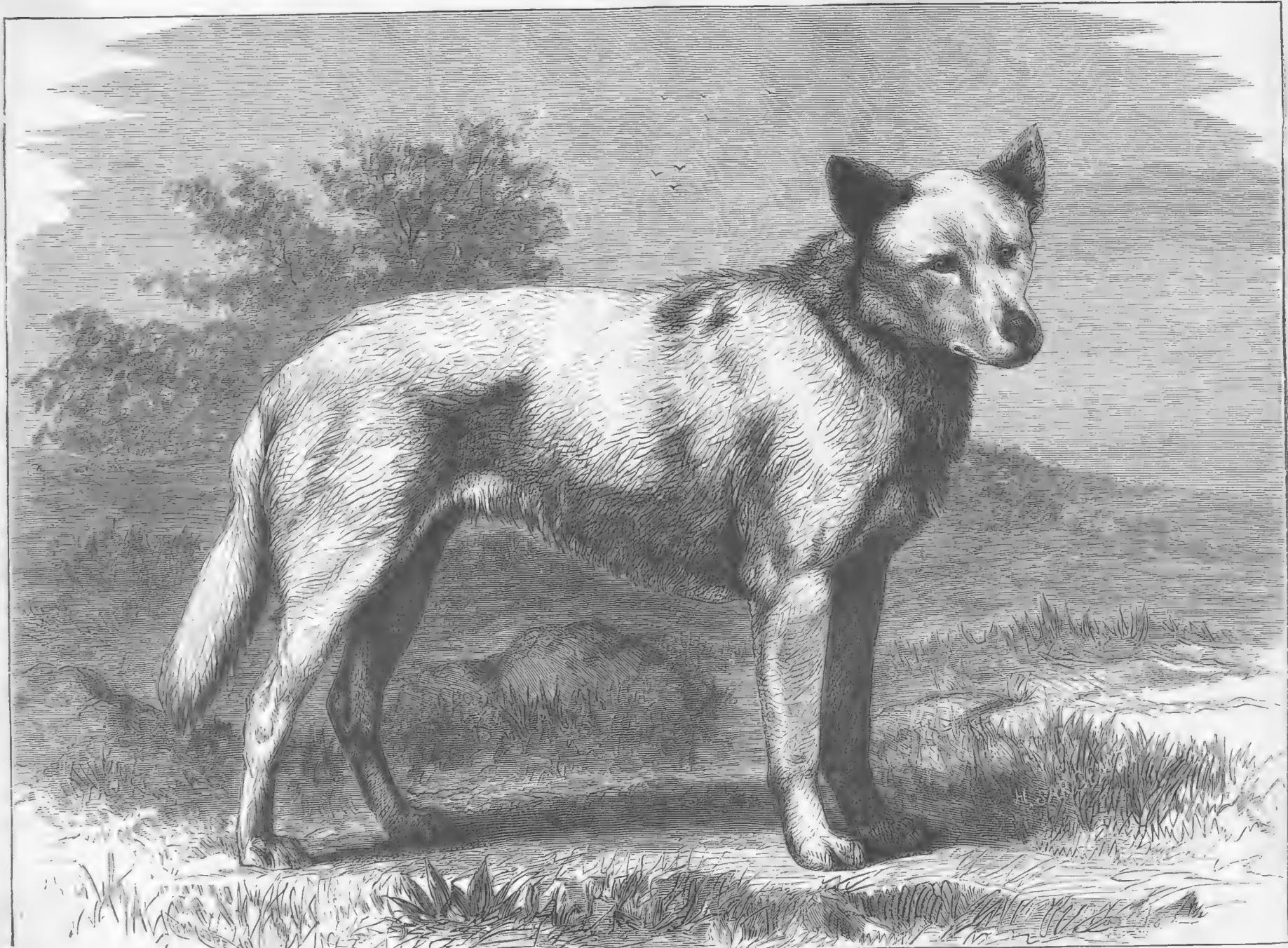
The foreign sporting and non-sporting classes at our principal dog shows often contain some very interesting specimens, and we have seldom seen a finer one than Garry, whose portrait we give. He is the property of Mr. Alfred Swinbourn, and was purchased at Fort Garry, Manitoba, North America, when about three months old. He is now just over two years, and his measurements are as follow:—Height to top of shoulder, 28½ in.; height to top of head, 37 in.; from nose to tip of tail, 6 ft.; from ear to nose, 13 in.; girth, 40 in.; round the top of fore leg, 10½ in.; weight, 120 lb. Garry's breed is doubtful, though he is said to be a cross between an Esquimaux dog and a wolf, having nine parts of the latter to one of the former. We cannot, however, see that these proportions are possible; it is certain that he retains many of the characteristics of the Esquimaux dog, and the gentleman who imported him drove him many miles over the snow. He is white, with a yellowish tinge on the back. Garry is so quiet, well-mannered, and affectionate, that it is difficult to believe that he has much wolf in his composition; he behaves as well in the house as a lady's lap-dog, and takes no notice of other dogs unless they attack him. A prize of £5 was awarded to him at the last Birmingham Show, where he attracted a great deal of attention.

## SHOOTING IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

In the remarks we propose making on shooting in France, we beg to be understood as in no wise referring to that sport as carried on by the large proprietors and aristocracy of the country, who are very many of them quite as good shots and quite as well instructed in everything connected with "la chasse" as our own country gentlemen. We would be understood as confining our observations on shooting as it is practised by the class of small landowners, Government employees of the lower "grades," professional men, and the shopkeepers and artisans of Paris and other large cities and manufacturing towns of that country, who, in fact, comprise the vast majority of those who indulge in it. The French gentry are deprived of that noblest of field sports, fox-hunting, mainly by the laws which compel the division of landed as well as of every other description of property, and by the strictness and severity of the legislation against trespass, which, as a matter of course, prevents the possibility of hunting unless the owner of hounds could obtain the consent of the multitude of petty proprietors and farmers, over whose land Reynard might find it convenient for his own purposes to conduct them; and to acquire that would be a hopeless undertaking indeed, so jealous are the French peasantry of their rights, and so pertinacious in the

determination to enforce them. Besides, there are no fences in their country, such as we have in every part of the United Kingdom, to test the mettle of horse and rider; and fox-hunting divested of trials which provoke excitement would be but tame-sport indeed. So that stag or boar hunting in forests, where men cannot ride to hounds, but merely gallop along level avenues, are the only equestrian sports to which they are accustomed; even coursing being so absolutely forbidden that the possession of a greyhound subjects his owner to a fine. Before the great Revolution, the right of indulging in all sorts of field sports belonged exclusively to the nobility and privileged classes—*Jacques bonhomme* being only permitted to participate in them as a spectator, and probably it was the desire of enjoying a pleasure from which they had been heretofore debarred, and of ousting their former tyrants from the privilege which served as a badge of their superiority, which induced the French peasantry, when they became masters of the situation, to attach themselves particularly to the amusement of shooting, which entailed but little expense, and conferred in their eyes a certain dignity on those who indulged in it. And, perhaps, so it is that even at this day "la chasse" seems to be the ruling passion of the classes we have enumerated, and every one prepares his fowling-piece and costumes strictly "à la règle," not omitting the enormous "carnassière" (game-bag), which is rarely, if ever, filled, in anticipation of the eventful day. When it is the-



"GARRY," A REMARKABLE HYBRID DOG, EXHIBITED AT THE LAST BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

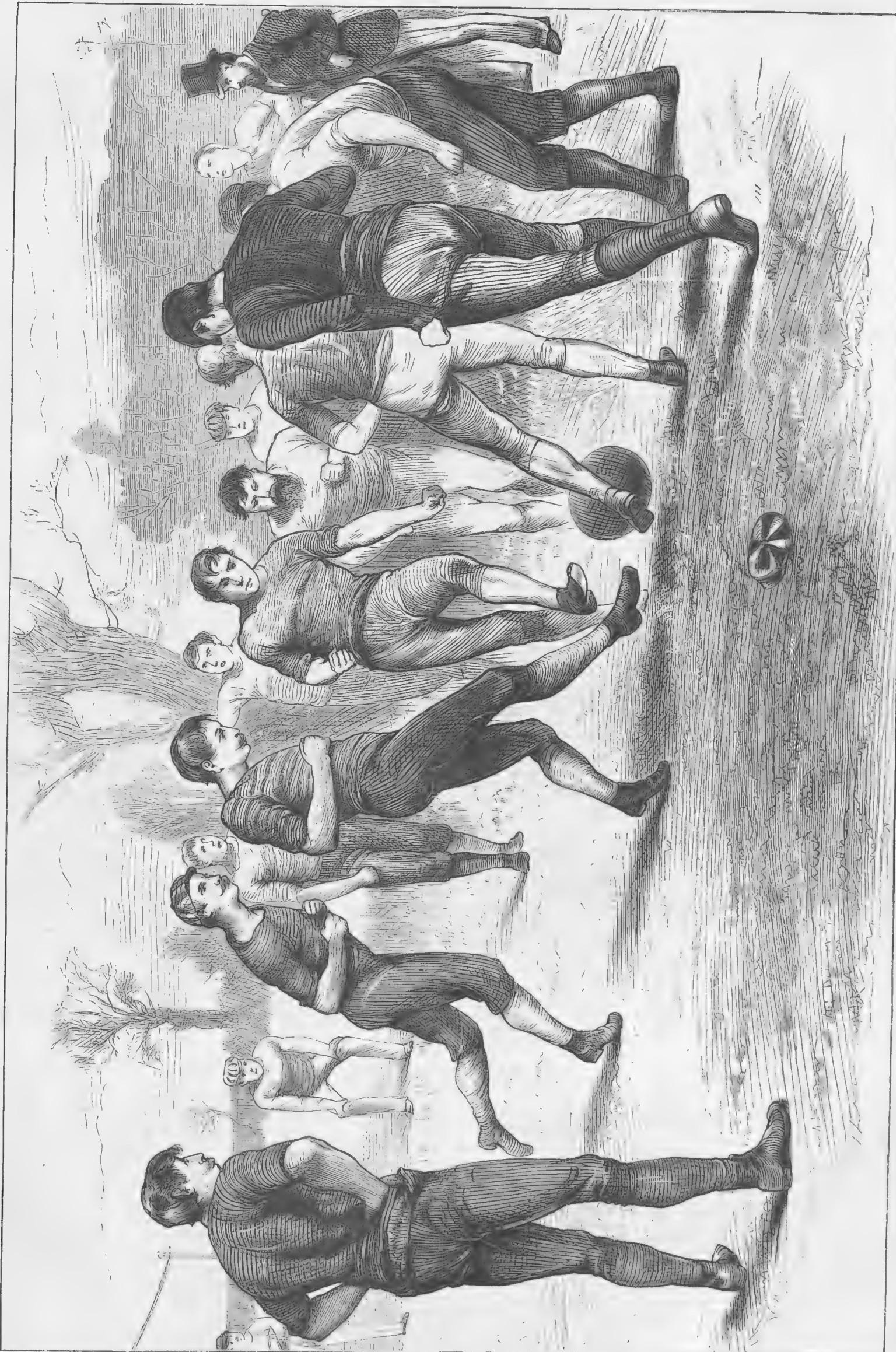
31 wild

préfet's pleasure to announce the opening of the shooting season in his district, the man found at home on that grand occasion would be regarded by those who discovered him in the same light as the would-be sportsman with us who might be caught sneaking through the back streets to avoid Pall-mall on the twelfth of August, when he would have it supposed that he was far off in the Highlands "a shooting of grouse." Go to your tailor's or any other of your tradespeople to inquire why an ordered article has not been sent you, and the garçon or demoiselle of the shop will tell you, with an air of pride, that they cannot give you a satisfactory explanation, as "Monsieur est à la chasse." At dawn of opening day the chasseurs are afoot to reach the localities they have a right or permission to shoot upon, the privilege having been previously purchased, according to the extent of the estates, varying in many instances from two to three acres, at the price of from three to six francs; and it is amusing to hear the bargain struck and the assurance given by the proprietor that "Vraiment, il y a de gibier sur mes terres" (really there is game on my estate), a fact vouched for by his friend the garde champêtre, who unhesitatingly asserts that there is a magnificent hare always resident on the farm, and that he has frequently seen partridges alight upon it. The evidence of this functionary—whose good will is often, in political struggles, of more advantage to the cause he supports than that of his superiors, for he is always to the fore, and can daily harass or save the farmer from many petty annoyances—is taken as conclusive, and a number of sportsmen club and secure the right of shooting over such an extent of land as promises good sport; but should there be a recalcitrant owner in the lot of vendors, their expectations may be balked, for the game, should any be found which pitches on his belongings, are safe from harm, unless his demands, which are, under such circumstances, always largely increased, be at once acceded to.

The more liberal proprietor invites his friends to shoot over his preserves, and assures them that there is a beautiful "poule d'eau" on his "élang" (pond), when perhaps half a dozen men gratefully accept his offer and assemble to hunt out and fire at the timid and harmless waterhen, which, after an incessant pursuit and fusilade, very frequently escapes from her persecutors. A collation, as a matter of course, follows the conclusion of the "chasse," for the French are truly hospitable, and the occasion is a fête; and should any birds—no matter what the species—be killed, whether tom-tits or owls, he who has brought down the greatest number is saluted with all due honours as its king. The conviviality is generally prolonged, and each chasseur returns home delighted with his day's amusement. Although he may not have killed anything, he has, at least, had the pleasure of firing abundantly.

But the greatest amusement afforded the real sportsman is derived from the proceedings of the better classes, who commence operations after a rather singular fashion. Some amongst them have subscribed to hire the shooting of a Government forest, in which there is no ground cover and no game to be found, save a stray hare, a fox, or wild cat; and occasionally, in very severe weather the jealousy amongst them is great, least any of their fellow-contributors should anticipate them and trench upon their rights. Among the petty provincial noblesse and the class of more considerable landowners, the invited chasseurs habitually disregard all the rules of partridge-shooting as practised in this country. Before "driving" the birds became the custom, and dogs were considered essential for finding the game, the French chasseurs of the class we allude to, form, no matter what their number, line in close order, when they reach the locality where partridges are expected to be found, each having his fowling-piece at full

cock, ready for immediate action, and carried swinging in his right hand, to the manifest danger of anyone who might be in contiguity with him. In this order they beat the field either up or down wind, according to their convenience. Should their dogs set and then spring the game, as they are sure to do, every man instantly rushes up and fires, so that he may have a right to claim his share in any "gibier" which may have fallen, while the dogs invariably proceed to seize the dead or wounded, or, should there be neither, to pursue the birds already on the wing. It is only on the large estates, and there are still many such in France which have remained intact in the hands of the *ancienne noblesse* from the accidental circumstance of there being but one inheritor in each generation—a special family arrangement—or on those purchased by wealthy capitalists, that game can be so strictly preserved to secure such a head as may afford good sport to the proprietor and his friends; and there the red-legged partridge, a most inferior bird as regards delicacy of flesh, is to be found in abundance. Attempts made after the peace to introduce this bird into England were speedily abandoned when it was discovered that, from its quarrelsome disposition and superior strength, our native partridge could not co-exist with them, and that they were neither so prolific nor so well-flavoured as those we already possessed. Hard as is the fate of the game and singing birds in France, incessantly pursued as they are during the open season by the indefatigable "chasseur," intent on recouping the cost of his "permis de chasse," it was still more deplorable in Italy, in many parts of which, and particularly in the Papal States, where, until the last three years, there was no close season at all, and the hens might be, and invariably were when discovered, slaughtered while hatching on their nests; the consequence being that game was not to be found in the fields, nor singing birds heard in the woodlands. So intent was the



"ASSOCIATION" FOOTBALL: "DRIBBLIN'."

"cacciatoe" on the destruction of every description of bird, that they had recourse to the most extraordinary inventions to lure them from their places of concealment. On every day during the months of September and October a "cacciatoe" might be seen seated close by the door of the Rotunda offering for sale a considerable number of small and very pretty owls found in the adjacent ruins, one being mounted on a pole, to which it was attached by a short string, permitting it to flutter about, and so attract attention. On inquiring as to what those birds were intended for, you were informed they were used for the "caccia" (chase), and employed, fastened in a similar manner to a pole sunk in the ground, so as to tempt every bird that passed to indulge its curiosity by looking at the efforts of an enemy to escape from its trammels, when they were ruthlessly shot down by the concealed enemy.

### THE HAMPTON COURT STUD.

We always feel slightly overcome with feelings of awe and veneration as soon as the ponderous wooden gates of the Hampton Court Paddocks have closed behind us, and we feel ourselves thoroughly immured in Royal precincts. There is a ghostly, monastic, old-world air about the premises which reminds us more of the convent than the harem; and at every turn we expect to meet the shade of the departed Ransom on his pony, with an unsubstantial pair of top-boots and filmy garments—or to catch sight of poor old Orlando's double-looking round as we enter his son's box. The spirit of Mr. Goodwin, too, must surely haunt these snug pastures in search, perhaps, of his beloved Eulogy, or holding deep converse with the Royal shade of the departed Guelph. You may hear the rooks cawing dreamily in leafless avenues, or the spring note of the wood-pigeon from among the ancient thorns outside the jealous walls; but within everything seems to tread on velvet, and the very cocks crow as if they were half ashamed of such indecorous sounds. It may be that this feeling of dignified tranquillity has been imported from the neighbouring palace on one of its quiet days, when cockney loungers forbear to gaze vacantly at the pictures, and when the Halls of Wolsey are left to the quiet occupation of the tabbies who have found homes therein from the toil and bustle of the world. The noted paddocks look bleak and bare now, after the winter, and far different to what they will appear in the leafy month, full of warm corners and deep rich grass, with their immemorial elder-trees in full bloom, and bramble bushes luxuriating at their feet. The most comfortable retreat by far is in Mr. Scott's snug parlour, where West Australian looks down from the wall upon other mementos of a life spent among "blood-sires and brood-mares," and the tale of old Melbourne never comes amiss to the lover of horse lore from the lips of one of its cannier professors. The advent of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" seems fairly to have made the old place alive again; whether it is owing to the young Pretender becoming associated with Royalty we know not; but the fact remains that redtape and routine have given place to some enterprising changes in the administration of the Royal haras. Belgravian mothers are to go about the country in search of their fortunes instead of remaining fixtures at Hampton Court; and old standing dishes, like St. Albans, Trumpeter, and Co., are to be rearranged, though not displaced, in favour of the most recent importations of new blood. All that seems to be required now, in order to assure to her Majesty's stud the ability to hold its own among the more ambitious establishments of her liege subjects, is a score or more of well-grown, fashionably bred, and youthful mares, purchased, we will not say regardless of expense, but nevertheless so that judgment and liberality may go hand-in-hand together in their selection. Unfortunately, there is no royal road to successful breeding, and the highest lady in the land must go among her subjects as a purchaser, with the full knowledge that their money is as good as her own, and that breeders bidding for the gems of the "Stud Book" are no respecters of persons. What we desire to see is a Royal institution taking the lead among, or at any rate competing on equal terms with, the centres of private enterprise in horse-breeding already in existence; but this cannot be effected without keeping pace with the times, and without an outlay commensurate with the dignity of the situation. Loyalty holds deep root in the hearts of us all, but national pride is even a stronger element in our compositions; and our wish and hope is to see the Royal stud (though we are fully aware that its maintenance is not a burden to the people) a representative establishment of its kind, and a pattern for the formation of similar foundations. The deer loomed like veritable children of the mist among the withered bracken and gnarled thorns of Bushey Park, as we strode down its leafless avenues in the chill silence of a frosty morning; marking the snugly-walled inclosure of the Royal Paddock on our left, and the vista stretching away into the distance like "avenues that lead to nothing." A solitary horseman, of the G. P. R. James type, thundered past down along the track marked by many a hoof, and a patient disciple of Walton was sedulously spinning the waters of the famed "Diana pond," apparently taking nothing by his motion. The palace gates were thronged by no cockney crowds, and the hostilities sacred to so many summer revels seemed just about to shake off the winter's rust, and to be furnishing up their portals for a fresh campaign. The same still frosty calm pervaded those jealously-guarded paddocks as the gate closed behind us; while in the first faint sunshine of the new-born year mares and foals held high revels in the dewy inclosure. Fravolina trotted out her Young Melbourne papoose, to show off its paces acquired during the lifetime of a week; but Mokeshift looked more solemn and staid as she stood on guard over her Brother to Strafford bantling, thinking, perchance, how the big Russley brown might emulate the prowess of Pell Mell, who takes his ease, relieved from Alec Taylor's superintendence, in an adjoining box. Miss Livingstone fondled a young Pretender by her side, and a Cobham matron had arrived from "over the water" to Prince Charlie. Half a dozen foals have been credited to the Royal stud so far; and Mr. Scott, we heard it whispered, has recommended a battle of the ancient and decayed matrons at no distant date; and we are afraid to add, for fear of spoiling a sporting "par," what the united ages of these tabbies will be found to amount to. The more recent additions include Lampeto, Merivale, and Periwig, all possessing fair credentials as supporters of the Anglesey, Astley, and Falmouth jackets. Many old names familiar to sale-goers of past years will be missing from the roll-call; and to "awake, arise, or be for ever fallen," must be the motto of the Royal stud if it hopes any longer to hold its own among the nurseries of thoroughbred stock in England. But if the little band of nursing mothers decreases both in numbers and importance, the stallion-boxes are full to overflowing, and there seems to be no lack of enterprise in high places in adopting unmade sires for the public service. If we recollect aright, Trumpeter and St. Albans both made their maiden efforts here; and now, in these latter days, we have Pell Mell striving to render himself as fashionable as his namesake season-parade in London (but not, we hope, the "shady side"); and the "splendid grampus," Prince Charlie, fresh from

his latest triumphs, neighing defiance at his detractors from the quondam residence of "Ely the Beautiful." The Saint and the Prince should not let the mighty line of old Stockwell die out in these Royal and classic shades, while Trumpeter not unworthily occupies the box of his distinguished sire; and bone, substance, size, and power have wonderful representatives in the massive forms of Young Melbourne and Pall-Mall. Their adjutant, too, the stalwart Mentmore, "spotted like a pard," traces descent from the same line of kings; and "Uno avulso non deficit alter" might certainly be adopted as a motto over the doors of the Hampton Court Stud. Faithful to the traditions of the place, the love for Orlando's blood still lingers in the Royal precincts; and the honoured name of "the General's horse" crops up wellnigh in each pedigree, as the birth and parentage of its possessors come to be discussed. Other heroes of the stud may arise and fall, but memory still haunts the "extreme left" box, where the destroyer of Goody Levy's hopes was wont to gaze so scornfully round upon his visitors on gala days.

Trumpeter looks wellnigh as gay and handsome as on the eventful day when his "airy step and glorious eye" first caught Harry Hill's eye and charmed his heart at the Royal sale. Yet we trace but little likeness in him to his sire; and since his great card, Lady Elizabeth, he has not played many trumps. Brilliant bursts as two-year-olds do not often produce those long, steady hunting runs which make a horse's success on the Turf, and prepare him for liberal patronage at the stud. Trumpeter's claim to the procreation of the "stout and staying" blood, so much needed just now, has long been carefully considered before the jury of trainers and breeders sworn to do him justice, and the verdict has been unanimously, "Not proven."

What with General Peel and that other redoubtable second to Cremorne who occupies a neighbouring box, that glorious cripple Young Melbourne may be classed among *les misérables* who have touched, without being able to grasp, the crown of fame, in having begotten a Derby winner. That hapless steed, too, who

Looked so grand when he was dead,  
Oh! the Earl was fair to see,

might have converted expectation into reality had not fate been against him both at Epsom and Doncaster. The "Young'un" quite belies his invalid appearance when he takes his walks abroad of an afternoon, and to see him move round the paddock, bar shoe and shattered fetlock would seem to be forgotten. Looking at his lengthy frame, massive solidity, and wonderful combination of bone and power, who can wonder that the eccentric lord of Hawkhead stayed the hand of the destroyer for Young Melbourne, and let the "slings" work their remedy for once? A bird from Newmarket whispers, too, "Dreadnought" in our ears; but can we heed it in the face of such counter-demonstrations, and with such unsatisfactory two-year-old form as our guide? However, we wait in hope for one endowed with a more "potent" charm than the Earl to perpetuate a family so rapidly waning both in numbers and repute.

St. Albans' duly gave us audience in his padded chamber, and the light of other days has not faded from his eye, nor his high and lofty bearing abated, since the 1860 September day when, with Luke Snowden up, he brought Thormanby and Co. to grief at Doncaster. He looked the "stallion" (as the Druid loved to call him whilst in training) as much in his three-year-old days, perhaps, as now, when the savage breast has been soothed, and when he has seen children's children taking their part in racing life. No horse can be more amiable whilst at home; but his attendant had a terrible job at first, when the dark chestnut had just left Alec Taylor's hands, and the torture-chamber was opened for our inspection, and the tackle displayed with which his proud spirit was curbed at last. He never looked rounder, harder, and less fretful than in this his thirteenth season at the stud, and there may be good days in store for him if his stock will only mend their wilful manners and renounce the "old Adam" strong in them.

Pell Mell was not a horse quite after our own hearts, either in shape or breeding; and had his very plain "napper" first caught Judge Clark's eye in Cremorne's Derby, Harry Hall would have gone into fits when such an ugly customer gave him his sittings. Time will develop him into something more compact and shapely than at present; but Melbourne power and coarseness allied to the "accursed blood" is not sufficient recommendation on which to ground a certificate of quality and good looks. Pell Mell was one of those Fyfield good things which even the party most closely connected with him could not be prevailed upon to believe in; but no great mistake was made in his trial, and £80,000 was the sum his followers stood out of which to spoil the Egyptians. We look in vain for any great promise of successful sireship; but wiser heads think otherwise; and if he fails it will not be because his projected alliances are unfashionable nor because his chances have been few.

But we must hasten on to "Charlie," where he stands ready to receive us at his morning levee—his beautifully-moulded head, and full, generous, expressive eye turned round to acknowledge our salam. His coat glistens like the sheen of burnished copper, and the black dashes on his legs, quarters, neck, and head are as the hammer-marks made in the forging of that magnificent frame. Gentle, as becomes his high lineage, he inclines his exquisitely-arched neck for our caress, making the most of his stature, and greeting us right royally in the sunny corner of his box. Roaring imputations are forgotten for the nonce, and hero worship prevails as we stand by the side of the "Prince of the T.Y.C.;" and we can wellnigh forgive public enthusiasm in the cause of such a living counterblast to the theory of racer degeneration. His first love lingers in the paddock hard by, and Cobham should see the earliest of his get in the March days of '76. He looks even now as if the war-cry might rouse him in an instant to meet all England and all nations over the Rowley Mile; but when another season shall have filled out and developed that giant frame, we may be glad that

Ten thousand could not buy thee,  
To me and mine so dear;  
All England cannot find thy match,  
Nor Araby thy peer.

A thunder of infant hoofs breaks up the black parliament of rooks which have descended to their right of turbary into the nursery domains, and in pairs the "youth of the period" are wheeling round their trim enclosures, or standing in the sun after a morning spin. Through the mist rolling upwards there break forth glimpses of pale blue sky, flecked with fleecy clouds; and the chattering flight of starlings settles on its favourite elder-tree coign, seemingly intent upon a morning call among the yearlings, so soon as our inspection has been completed.

Owing to various causes, and chiefest among them the disinclination of old trees to bear fruit, the number of yearlings has never been so small since the day when Yellow Jack was star of the sale, on which occasion a like number followed the erratic son of Jamaica to their fate under the ivory hammer. Brother to Julius and Julius Caesar is the crack of the lot; and, as we hear great accounts of his imperial relative from Newmarket,

the young St. Albans will not lack attention from the Ring side. Young Melbourne has a filly from old Braxey (of the famous T'Anson blood), a mare now in her twenty-sixth year, and once more heavy in foal. The young lady with her "cily regular" forehead will be good to know in future days; and a neatly from Furiosa bears the St. Albans mark upon her elegantly-turned quarters and shapely head. Lady Blanche's colt was brought up by hand, and is backward in consequence; but Venus has a very smart-looking whole-coloured bay Mentmore colt, with fine depth of girth, and an appearance of coming early to hand. Then Lady Palmerston, whose youngsters generally manage to make their way both in Sale-ring and on the Turf, has a pretty chestnut filly by the Saint, with quality galore, and capital action and shape. The daughter of Brother to Strafford and Lady of the Manor is a wiry sort, and not such as one might expect from the Melbourne and Blacklocks union alluded to above. Gunja Gee is another Orlando mare which the authorities at Hampton Court did not deem it expedient to miss, and the "nick" should result in something useful; but Trumpeter's effort from that very stalwart mare Viridis is disappointing to a degree, and we cannot help thinking the intermixture of two not over stout Orlando families must have been an oversight. St. Albans owns the paternity of a wicked-looking black colt, with three white feet, from Miss Foote; and Bradamante's Knowsley pledge is a trifle coarse, but likely to come to hand usefully if he is only allowed time. Catawba, sister to Morgan la Faye, should have had a young Scottish Chief by her side, if they who run can read stud-book lessons, but *dis alter risum*, and the home blood has prevailed. Miss Evelyn has rewarded Brother to Strafford's attentions by a useful sort of filly, quite in the rough at present, but with a wear and tear look about her that may attract biddings. Still, the sort do not sell, though Mr. Merry gave them a good start with his Makeshift colt at Doncaster the year before last. Then, however, they were rejoicing in the *spolia opina* of the St. Leger, and perhaps saw a Doncaster or Marie Stuart in every yearling that was led round. Himalaya shows a colt by the defunct Knowsley, and with that our inspection concluded, not without regret at the sight of so many empty boxes, and at hearing of the sad gaps left by time in the ranks of brood mares. It was some consolation to learn that Viridis and Miss Foote had departed on a visit to Parma; and we trust to see something "quite the cheese" from those really grand mares next spring. Incz and Miss Evelyn had been allotted to Blair Athol's share; and no one can take exception to so fashionable a cross.

A "little horse talk" (as a genial writer has expressed it) always makes thorough amends for disappointments to the eye; and the gleanings of Mr. Scott's long experience among the breeding studs and training homes of England are pleasant enough; the past and present racing cracks alternately engage attention; and we obtain glimpses into the inner life of horses through the tales and traits narrated of them by their valets. And so on till the shadows gather closer over park and paddock, and the robin trills a last "good night" from his seat in the "bare, ruined choir" of the lichen-covered thorn whose summer shade the deer love so well.

### Latest Betting.

#### CROYDON HURDLE RACE.

100 to 8 agst Rufina, 6 yrs, 1st. 3lb. (taken) ..... Private

#### BRISTOL ROYAL STEEPLECHASE.

100 to 8 agst Defence, aged, 11st. 6lb. (offered, take 100 to 7) ..... Private

#### LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

100 to 7 agst Kaiser, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (taken) ..... Gilbert  
100 to 7 — Thuringian Prince, 4 yrs, 7st. 1lb. (offered) ..... Jos. Dawson

100 to 6 — Lady Patricia, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. (taken and off) ..... W. Goater

100 to 6 — G by Wumba—Truth, 5 yrs, 7st. (offered, take 20 to 1) ..... M. Dawson

25 to 1 — Enchanteur II., 4 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (taken) ..... In France

40 to 1 — Mohican, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (taken) ..... J. Cannon

40 to 1 — Consil, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (taken) ..... T. Jennings

#### CITY AND SUBURBAN.

25 to 1 agst Prince Arthur, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb. (taken) ..... M. Dawson

#### TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

4 to 1 agst Camballo (offered, take 9 to 2) ..... M. Dawson

8 to 1 — Balfe (taken and offered) ..... Blanton

#### DERBY.

7 to 1 agst Holy Friar (taken and offered) ..... Messrs. Osborne

9 to 1 — Camballo (offered, take 10 to 1) ..... M. Dawson

#### RACING AND STEEPLECHASE CALENDAR FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

Autueil	21, 28	Grand Military and Rugby H.	23, 24
Carrickmacross	23	South Wold H. (Hornastle)	25
Streatham	23, 24	Aylesbury	25, 26

**ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING FIELD.**—Lady Florence Douglas, sister of the Marquis of Queensberry, while hunting on Friday with the Atherton stonehounds near Nuncatton, met with a serious accident. While jumping a stile her horse fell with her, and kicked her in the shoulder, breaking the collar-bone. Immediately after the accident her Ladyship was conveyed to Higham Grange, the present residence of the Marquis of Queensberry, where she is progressing as favourably as can be expected. In consequence of this accident her Ladyship's wedding with Sir Beaumont Dixie must be postponed.

**DEATH OF MR. J. ROPER, OF YORK.**—Mr. John Roper, of Clifton Croft, York, was found dead in his bed on Friday morning, having retired to rest in his usual good health. He was senior partner in the firm of Roper and Melrose, brewers, of St. Sampson's Square. Of all time-honoured sports and pastimes Mr. Roper was an ardent lover, and at the time of his death and for several years previously, he had gained great esteem in his capacity of Chairman to the York Race Committee. He was also chairman of the committee of the Yorkshire Christmas Fat Stock Show, and by his connection with various other local institutions materially promoted the general welfare of his native city. He was sixty-nine years of age, and his death is attributable to disease of the heart.

**LOVELINESS ON THE INCREASE.**—A marked increase of female loveliness is the eye-delighting result of the immense popularity which Hagan's Magnolia Balm has obtained among ladies everywhere. Complexion radiant with snowy purity and tinged with the roseate hue of health are commonly met with whenever it is used.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, in Bottles, at 3s. 6d. Dépôt, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

**ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (W.M. HOGG, Proprietor).**—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVT.]

## SLEIGHING A SPORT FOR ENGLAND.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

In Canada and the United States sleighing is not only practised as a pastime, but is a necessity called forth by the exigencies of the climate. Every man who owns a horse is also the proprietor of either sled or sleigh; the former vehicle bearing about the same relation to the latter that a cart does to a carriage. In country places where for weeks, and often months, the ground is covered with a thick stratum of snow—in places drifted into deep ridges or "wreaths"—the farmer finds all transit by wheeled vehicles suspended. So, too, the carrier, whose route lies more especially along country roads. These, obstructed by the drift snow, blown transversely or diagonally across them, would be practically impassable but for the contrivance of the sleigh, since the long distances between towns, through thinly-peopled districts, renders it too expensive to clear the track of an obstruction repeatedly accumulating. Only in the streets of large towns and cities is any attempt made to do this; while in the country roads the snow lies as it has fallen, or been blown, till its surface has become packed and hardened by the passage of numerous sleds and sleighs.

The last-mentioned vehicle is seen of at least two distinct sizes, according to whether its owner is accustomed to drive a "span" of horses or only a single one. In the former case it consists of a strong oblong box, about the size, and very much resembling an English railway coal-truck. This is set upon "runners" in the same way as a regular sleigh, and the horses are attached to it just as to an ordinary waggon, with harness somewhat similar, except in its furniture of bells, which it is compulsory to carry by a legal statute to this effect, otherwise, an absent-minded individual, sauntering along the road, might get run over before being aware of the proximity of the silently gliding vehicle.

The single-horse sled differs from the above but in size. It is also an oblong box upon runners, and is drawn by shafts instead of the pole and bar. It is the property of the poorer class of farmers and country folks, who own only one horse.

There is yet a still less pretentious article often seen upon the roads, facetiously known by the name of "a Yankee jumper." It is neither more nor less than an ordinary store-goods box set upon runners of common hoop-poles. As this can be rigged up at a few hours' notice, it is often used by those who have not a sled constructed in the orthodox fashion.

The sled is employed by the farmer for conveying his produce to market, as also for transporting manure and other effects from one part of his farm to another. On certain gala days, however, when he makes a journey to some place of merrymaking, taking his family along with him, the vehicle receives a purification, and then chairs and benches are placed aboard with blankets and fur robes to keep the occupants comfortable. A family party thus transported may often be met on the country roads of Canada and the Northern States, their jocund laughter mingling with the merry tinkling of the bells. When the farmer is in opulent circumstances of course the rough, heavy sled, for mere travelling purposes, gives place to the more lightly and elegantly constructed sleigh; and there are few farmers of large holdings but have one of the latter attached to their establishments. If not a large two-horse affair, it will be a light chaise-like structure, to be drawn by a single horse, prettily painted and otherwise ornamented.

As already said, the *sleigh* differs from the *sled* as a carriage from a common cart or waggon. Of it there are numerous varieties, not only in size but shape—quite as many as there are builds of carriages. The commonest size and form is the "one-horse sleigh," very much like a chaise, only set upon "runners" instead of wheels. Larger vehicles, drawn by two or more horses, only differ from it in point of size, and may be likened to park phaetons divested of their wheels, the runners replacing them. Four horses are often seen attached, and sometimes six; but in the last case the owner is usually some individual more ostentatious than genteel. The "Upper Ten" content themselves with sleighs of less showy grandeur, drawn by their ordinary pair of carriage-horses, though of these many are splendidly-appointed vehicles, costing quite as much as a landau or a barouche. They are of many designs, some constructed after the figure of a swan; others in the likeness of boats; while others bear the shape of the shell on which Venus is represented as rising out of the depths of the Cyprian sea. These fanciful forms, however, are exceptional: the more common build being as the body of an open phaeton or barouche, though frequently with extra seats to accommodate a larger number of individuals. Sleighs are often seen carrying eight or ten, a load that on the slippery surface of snow is not beyond the capacity of a pair of horses.

At rare intervals, when there has been a fall of snow heavier than usual, and which shows signs of lying for a prolonged period, a certain kind of sleigh makes its appearance on the streets of New York and other cities. This is a public vehicle belonging to the omnibus companies, brought out when their wheeled stage carriages can no longer run. It is drawn by a great many horses, twelve pairs sometimes constituting the team, while it carries between one and two hundred passengers. Of course such a large number are not all accommodated with seats, the vehicle not having sufficient capacity. More than half of them stand upright; some clinging to the sides, tail, and dashboards.

In Canada, as in the States, a "sleighing party" is one of the most popular modes of winter amusement. It is usually given at night, and, the hour being late, it becomes also a supper party. Some country hostelry at a few miles distance from town, accustomed to receiving such guests, provides the banquet, generally ordered beforehand. An exhilarating "run" along a snow-covered road brings the party to the place, often occupying several sleighs, according to the number invited. When this is the case racing is an important element of the enjoyment, and often there are "upsets" when the vehicle, carelessly guided, brings up against a bank of frozen snow or other like obstacle, and, getting overturned, spills everybody. These occur more frequently on the return trip to town, when the mulled port wine and other liquors imbibed during supper have rendered the driver—some gentleman of the party—reckless in the handling of the reins. On such occasions serious accidents sometimes occur; so that the sport of sleighing, however pleasant, is not unattended with danger.

It is not the object of this article to give an extended account of sleighing on the other side of the Atlantic—a story with which so many may be familiar—but to show that the pastime can be equally practised in England, and enjoyed to as great perfection as in either Canada or the States. True, the periods when it is possible may not be so extended, still are they long enough to satisfy the keenest appetite for the sport. For sleighing, so pleasant during the first two or three days of snow, is a pastime that soon palls. At the close of an article on "Ice Yachting," which appeared in a late number of the *ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS*, I wound up with the following remark: "The scantiness of our snows almost deprives us of another pleasurable and kindred pastime—that of sleighing."

I was but giving a spur to the general impression. I now recall, or rather modify, the statement, substituting my own opinion, based on an actual experience, which is, as I have said above, that sleighing is a sport as possible and enjoyable in this country as in any other. To the reader the assertion may seem unsupportable, though not after he shall have heard my explanation, including the account of an incident in the experience I allude to. Some years ago, while seated at breakfast in my house in the shire of Buckingham, I observed that the snow fallen throughout the night had attained to a thickness of three or four inches, and had the look of lying. To the ladies at table I said,

"You shall have a sleigh ride to-day."

"You are jesting," was the rejoinder, accompanied by a general stare of incredulity.

"No; I am in earnest. If things turn out as I anticipate, before twelve o'clock (it was then nine a.m.) we shall be in a sleigh running across country, regardless of roads."

"But where is the sleigh to come from?" asked one high in authority. "There is no such vehicle in this neighbourhood—at least, I never heard of one—except that at Windsor Castle, the property of the Prince Consort. You don't intend borrowing it?"

"I intend borrowing your pony phaeton, Madam."

To this there was some demur, the phaeton being a hand-some affair, and causing dread of damage. But the thought of sport so rare as a sleigh-ride, coupled with my assurance that the carriage would be perfectly safe, settled the question, and I was left free to do what I wished with it.

For all, I was not so sure of being able to carry out my promise. It was a bright idea that had flashed across my brain, suggested by what I had seen on the other side of the Atlantic. But there might be some preventive hitch I had not thought of. However, after finishing breakfast and repairing to the coach-house, I became satisfied I could convert the phaeton into as snug as sleigh as ever ran upon runners. To facilitate my intent, it so chanced that I had carpenters at work upon the premises. Summoning the head one, I gave him directions what to do. He was to take two pieces of ordinary 9 in. deal, each of 8 ft. in length, and plane them clean; then round off one end of each in the shape of a quadrant. These were to be the woodwork of the "runners." His next instructions were to set them parallel at the same distance apart as the hind wheels of the carriage, and thus firmly unite them by cross-bars and diagonal braces. This done, I had a sleigh-bed with runners complete, all except the shoeing of the latter. Meanwhile, a messenger had been dispatched to the nearest town, where I knew there was a forge capable of promptly executing any order for ironwork. This order was for two strong staples with screw tines, the width between the latter sufficient to embrace the carriage axle where it enters the wheel. The messenger was also directed to bring back a piece of 2½ in. hoop iron long enough to shoe the runners, with a dozen small bells from the hardware shop. As sleigh-bells were not to be thought of in such a place, the ordinary house-tinkler had to be taken instead.

Mounted on a swift horse, in less than an hour my messenger returned with all the materials, just in time to find the runners ready to receive the shoeing, and the phaeton dismantled of its wheels ready to receive the runners. It was but the work of a few minutes to attach the iron hooping, set the carriage-body on the bed prepared for it, screw the staple bolts through holes already bored for them, and *voilà tout*—a sleigh complete in every particular; elegant, too, in all, except the portion so briskly improvised. It needed but to put to the horses—in this case a pair of fast-trotting ponies—which was done in less time than takes in attaching them to an ordinary carriage, since there were no pole straps to be troubled with. Of course, the pole fixed in the gearing of the front wheels had to come off along with them, and this was one of the matters that made me dubious about the success of my scheme. I had a doubt whether without the pole the sleigh could be conveniently turned, and also whether in a down-hill drive it would not run upon the heels of the horses. A trial set everything at rest, proving my fears groundless. Not only can a sleigh be brought round upon its own breadth, as on a pivot, without the intervention of the pole, but it will stop on the steepest down-hill almost on the instant the traces are slackened. At all events, there is no danger of its overrunning the animals. The roads throughout the Chilterns are of no gentle inclining, and along these my sleigh was soon gliding, the bar proving sufficient for every purpose. In fine, I kept my promise made at the breakfast-table. By twelve o'clock—and indeed some minutes before—we were abroad and aboard the eidevant carriage transformed into a sleigh, with fur robes floating and bells jingling, making way at the rate of twelve miles an hour, now and then forsaking the high road and taking cuts across the beautiful commons with which Buckinghamshire abounds. And for several days, while the snow lasted, we enjoyed this exhilarating pastime, as much as we could have done either in Canada or the States; perhaps more, since there was the additional luxury of having it all to ourselves. That in the Chilterns a sleigh had been rarely or never seen was evinced by the universal stare of wonder evoked by the spectacle in every town and village through whose streets we passed.

Not being of a selfish disposition, I have written out this recipe for constructing a sleigh, that all who desire may enjoy the sport as we did. It but needs to make a set of runners as described, which, for that matter, may be got up in more elegant style, and kept on hand for any fall of snow fit for sleighing.

Now, it is about this last that the chief misconception exists, hitherto prohibiting the sport in England, the general, almost universal, belief being that our snows are too scanty and shallow for its practice. So far is this from the fact, it so chances that a deep snow instead of being advantageous is an obstruction. In Canada and the States, where the roads are rough and rutty, a certain depth is necessary; but here, where our country roads are smooth as park-drives, it needs only enough snow to keep the runners clear of the stoned or gravelled surface, and so avoid the obstructive friction. On most roads a depth of three or four inches is quite sufficient; and there is scarcely a winter in which we do not have several such falls, often lying for weeks in the more elevated parts of the country, as throughout the Chiltern Hills, the Peak of Derbyshire, and elsewhere. A deeper snow than this is not desirable, the sleigh runners sinking in it, and so getting caught. The minimum depth of the best sleighing snow is also its maximum, the exact gauge being just the quantity required to prevent the runners from reaching the surface of the ground and "rasping." And it is all the better for being well packed by sleighs and wheeled vehicles having already passed over it. The more sleighers who have gone before, the merrier for those who follow. When at its best the snow should be frozen and crisp, as when melting under sun or thaw it clogs upon the runners, so retarding them. During the late Christmas season we have had a snow of the very sort for sleighing; and in the winter of 1870, in Derbyshire, where I chanced to be residing, there were six weeks of white earth, almost without an interval, that for sleighing purposes was

equal, if not superior, to any I ever saw on the other side of the Atlantic. And yet not a sleigh upon the roads, no merry bells to wake up the echoes of the silent Derbyshire "dales." No doubt there would have been had the gentlemen owning carriages known how easy it is to convert them into sleighs.

This brings me to the second misconception, to remove which the present article is published—viz., the supposed great expense of setting up a sleigh. As there are no sleigh-builders, I believe, in this country, most people fancy that the vehicle must be imported from Canada or the States; indeed, several have been so obtained, the property of wealthy individuals, and notably one at Windsor, which belonged to the late Prince Consort. But these are few and far between, people of moderate means being deterred from procuring a sleigh by a dread of the large outlay. Adopting the plan above particularised, there is no need for this. Any gentleman owning a carriage can set himself up in a sleigh for a cost scarce counting up to a sovereign, though he may make it more if elegance in the runners is desired; and any carriage will answer for the purpose, though the park phaeton or barouche will be the best; while there is no danger of damage to either any more than when on their own wheels.

If my hint be taken and the plan I have put forth adopted, as I trust it will on the reading of this article, our beautiful country roads, somewhat dull in the winter season, will soon be enlivened by peals of merry laughter, mingling with the cheerful symphony of sleigh-bells.

## STUD NEWS.

Green Lodge Paddocks, Newmarket.—Feb. 14, Mr. Houldsworth's Red Ribbon, a bay colt-foal by Scottish Chief, and will be put to Thormanby.

At Burghley Paddocks, Fanscombe, by Thormanby; Galette, by Newcastle; and Mr. Johnson's Molly Malone, barren to Kingcraft; have arrived to Knight of St Patrick.

Richmond.—Feb. 10, Mr. A. Young's Baffle, by Colsterdale, dropped a colt-foal by Newland, and will be put to Albert Victor, as also will his Touch Not and Merry Thought.

At Rendlesham Park, Woodbridge, Suffolk, Feb. 8, Shepherdess, a bay filly by Royal Rake, and will be put to Saccharine.

Moorlands Stud Farm.—To be put to Knight of the Garter: Klarinska (dropped a dead colt-foal to Knight of the Garter on Dec. 20) and Toison D'Or (in foal to Gladiator).

Hurstbourne Park, Whitchurch, Hants.—Lord Portsmouth's The Wave, (by Lord Lyon), a bay colt by Atherton, and will be put to Albert Victor.

Buckland Court, Reigate.—Feb. 13, Penelope Plotwell, a colt by King of the Forest, and will be put to him again. The following mares have arrived:—The Stud Company's Ninja Troil, Frolicsome, and Lady Isabel. Mr. Mannington's Petro-leuse, with a colt at foot by Narbonne.

37, Bentinck-street, Doncaster.—Feb. 11, the following mares have arrived to The Rake: Mr. Brooks's Shrew, barren to Strathconan; Mr. Greaves's grey mare by Lord Clifden, barren; Mr. Somerset's Mystery, in foal to The Rake; and Mr. Pryor's Bonnie Katie, in foal to Favonius. Arrived to Fripomier: Mr. Gravies's Nudal, barren; and Mr. Pryor's Sphynx, in foal to Fripomier.

Messrs. Barrow's Stud Paddocks, Newmarket.—Feb. 10, Ambush, a chestnut filly by Cathedral, and will be put to him again; Queen of Spain, a colt-foal by Lord Clifden, and will be put to Cathedral; Romping Girl, a colt-foal by Rosicrucian, and will be put to Cathedral; Yarra Yarra, Euphrosyne, and Leoville have arrived to be put to Cathedral.

Mentmore.—Arrived to King Tom; Lord Zetland's Qui Vive, and Mr. L. E. Walker's Catherine, by Blair Athol out of Seclusion. To Favonius: Mr. T. Davidson's Kate Hampton, Mr. J. Davidson's Tuberoise, Mr. J. Watson's Edith of Lorne, and Mr. W. Stevenson's Queen Mab. To Restitution: Lord Zetland's Revival. To Mandrake: Mr. Johnson's Lady Ripon, Lady Temple, Minster Bell, and Nelly, by Tynesdale out of Stella; Mr. Bowes's Go-Ahead (barren to Victorious).

Blankney Paddocks.—Feb. 11. Mares arrived to Hermit; Lord Tenant's Perfume, in foal to Broomielaw; Lord Zetland's Perseverance, barren to Martyrdom; Mr. Clarke's Ratcatcher's Daughter, barren; and his Rattrap, maiden; Baron Rothschild's Hippia, in foal to Musket; Lord Ailesbury's Boundary, in foal to Parmesan; Mr. Crawford's Louisa, barren to Parmesan. By order of Mr. Chaplin, his mare Haricot (dam of Caller Out) was destroyed on the 5th inst., after being barren three years, and was buried by the side of her dam, Queen Mary, in the paddocks.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Chobham—Feb. 6—Mr. Walker's Lady Isabel, a colt by Blair Athol. 10—Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Fairwater, a filly by Marsyas, and put to him again; Queen of Spain, a colt-foal by Lord Clifden, and put to him again; Lord Falmouth's Silverhair, a colt by Blair Athol, and put to him again. 12—Her Majesty's Lady Evelyn, a filly by Young Melbourne, and will be put to Blair Athol. 13—The Stud Company's Foible, a filly by Chattanooga, and put to Wild Oats. 14—The Stud Company's Lovelace, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to Wild Oats.

Arrived to Blair Athol.—Feb. 1—Sir Wroth Lethbridge's Duty. 4—Mr. W. R. Marshall's The Dart (sister to Shamoun). 11—Lord Rosslyn's Euphorbia (dam of Eucalyptis). 13—Mr. J. Dawson's Scythian Princess. 17—Mr. Rd. Combe's Columbus and Duchess; Major Curlyon's Lady Di.

Arrived to Macaroni.—Feb. 1—Sir Wroth Lethbridge's Miss Dayrell; Mr. John Coupland's Agatha, Hawthorn Bloom, and Miss Thompson. 10—Mr. J. Johnstone's Furze Chat and Charlotte Russé. 9—Sir Tatton Sykes's Sweetbriar (with colt by Macaroni) and Miss Agnes; Lord Rosslyn's Rose of Tralee (in foal to Ceerops) and Flying Cloud (in foal to Macaroni). 15—Mr. H. Waring's Woodbine. 17—Mr. Rd. Combe's Wild Dove.

Arrived to Wild Oats.—Feb. 1—Mr. John Coupland's Castanette and Persecution. 13—Mr. Hy. Jones's Eleanor. 16—Mr. F. Barnes's Lady Barbara. Also will be put to Wild Oats, the Stud Company's Margery Daw (dam of See Saw) and Reginella (dam of Guy Dayrell).

Mr. T. Clayton's Patience has arrived to Mr. Pitt at Limbrick Hall, Harpenden.

At Faggotter, Harlow, on the 7th, Mr. Greenwood's Poignant, a filly foal by Mars; and on the 17th, Malanaise, a colt foal by Mars. Both mares will be put to him again.

At Green Lodge Paddocks, Newmarket, on Feb. 14, Mr. Houldsworth's Red Ribbon, a bay colt foal by Scottish Chief, and will be put to Thormanby.

At Richmond, on Feb. 10, Mr. A. Young's Baffle (by Colsterdale), a colt foal by Newland, and will be put to Albert Victor, as also will his Touch Not and Merry Thought.

At Rendlesham Park, Woodbridge, Suffolk, on Feb. 8, Shepherdess, a bay filly by Royal Rake, and will be put to Saccharine.

WORMS IN A COLLEY.—"Rhylas, Bala, North Wales, Sept. 21, 1874.—I gave 'Naldine's Powder' to a colley on Saturday last, and in ten minutes he evacuated a Tapeworm 30 yards 2 feet in length. I consider the powder effectual.—R. J. L. Price." Naldine's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s., 6d., 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 93, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]

## LIFE ON THE UPPER THAMES.



PUNT FISHING.

## Reviews.

*Life on the Upper Thames.* By H. R. Robertson. Virtue, Spalding, and Co., 26, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row.—This is certainly one of the most charming drawing-room books that has been brought out this season, as it contains over a hundred admirably executed engravings characteristic of Life on the Upper Thames. The artist, Mr. H. R. Robertson, has depicted with remarkable fidelity "Home Scenes," such as are familiar and dear to every English heart, and which will recall pleasing

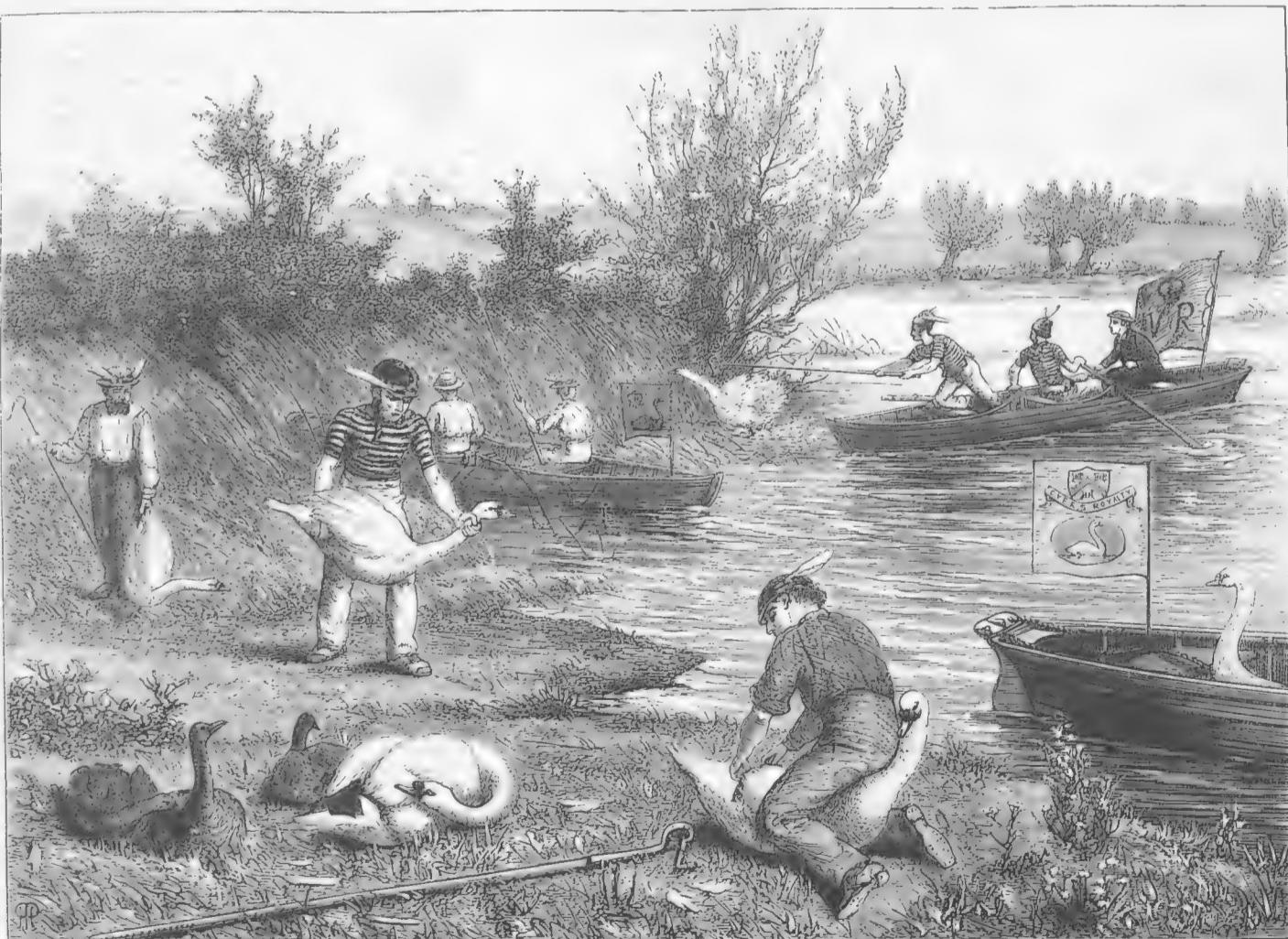
In the wood's dark coolness,  
Where the path grows rougher and more steep,  
Where the trees stand thick in leafy fulness,  
And the moss lies green in shadows deep.

recollections and joyous red-letter days to many. Familiar as the banks of Old Father Thames are to countless thousands who have visited them, or who have read the books and innumerable poems written descriptive of this famous river, there are still beautiful nooks and quiet retreats that are comparatively unknown

And here our painstaking and nature-loving artist must have wandered, in order to collect such a portfolio full of lovely studies.

Our author has also most accurately portrayed animal life, both with his pen as with his pencil, and the illustrations and their descriptions which we have selected speak for themselves.

The first engraving represents a party gudgeon-fishing from a punt, which, although not a very exciting or dignified kind of sport, is an amusement much indulged in by Londoners who, with the aid of a pigeon-pie, claret-cup, and beer, con-



SWAN HOPPING.

trive to pass a day pleasantly enough afloat. Our author gives the following description of the *modus operandi* :—

"Roach, barbel, and gudgeon fishing present much the same appearance to a casual observer. All three are carried on from a punt at a spot which is, by experience, known to be a good swim for the respective fish. In gudgeon-fishing it is chiefly necessary to rake the bed of the river well, to plumb the depth, and to let the bait—a small red worm—just touch the bottom. Raking the ground, and now and then throwing in a handful of river sand, are found to attract the gudgeon sufficiently, without the use of any other ground-bait. It is said that the gudgeon are soon satiated, as their digestion is slower than that of most fish. Thus, to throw in any other food than the bait on the hook would be attracting the fish to little purpose. The man habitually sits astride the well of the punt, with a flower-pot before him in which are the worms for bait. He is thus ready to detach the fish from the hooks as soon as caught, dropping them into the well, and rebaiting the hook if necessary. As many as twenty dozen of these little fish are taken in a day. Old anglers tell us that gudgeon are on the decline in the Thames, both as to number and size. They 'remember the time' when eighty dozen were to be taken by the day by the party in one punt. Now, at the present time, in a take of fifteen or sixteen dozen, it is seldom really sizable fish gets in the wells. The gudgeon are largely required as bait for the anglers; and, where minnows are not always to be had, they have to supply their place. Thousands upon thousands are annually used as bait for night-lines; and every effort should be made to prevent such an annihilating agency from being employed at all."

Our author tells us that a hundred years ago not only were trout, but also salmon, to be found in fair quantities along the

course of the Thames; but, from the fact of this river flowing through a comparatively flat country, it probably never abounded with these fish to the same extent as our more northerly streams. The salmon, from whatever cause it may have been—whether disgusted by the abominations of the London sewage or impeded by the weirs or other obstacles—have for many years abandoned this river. The erection of locks and weirs has, by deepening the reaches, altered the character of the stream in a manner favourable to the wellbeing of the pike, but decidedly prejudicial to the wellbeing of the lusty trout. This fish naturally loves a sharp scour and clean, gravelly bottom; and these, of course, were the conditions most interfered with when the lock and weir system was gradually introduced.

The Thames for centuries has ever required supervision, for even in the Magna Charta there is a clause for the suppression of those "weares" which had always been a grievance; and John Taylor (the Water Poet) thus wrote in 1640 :—

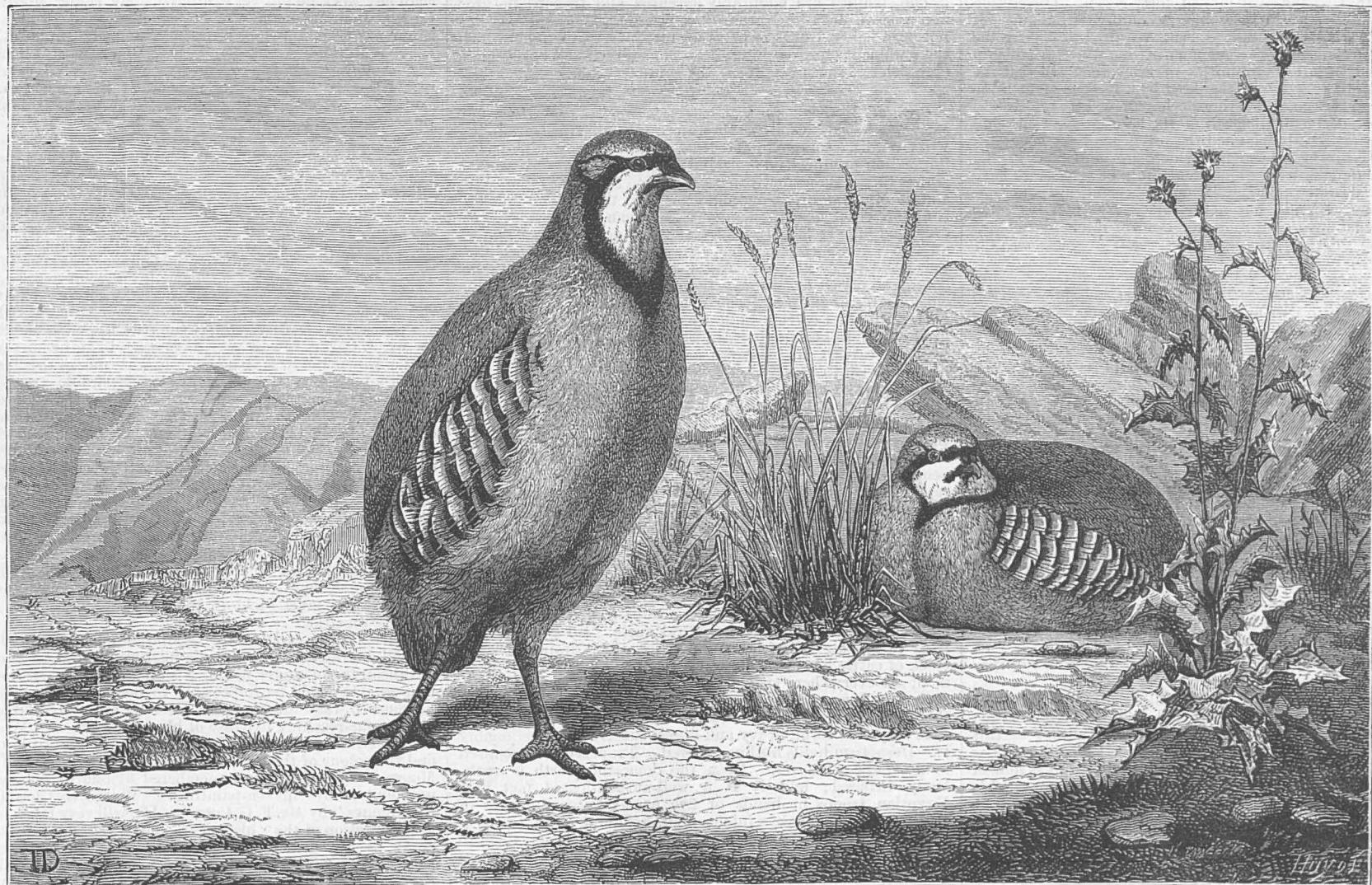
Shall Thames be barred its course with stops and locks,  
With mils and hills, and gravel beds and rocks,  
With weares, and weeds, and forced islands made,  
To spoil a publice for a private trade?

The swans of the Thames have ever enjoyed state protection, for we find in an Act of Henry VII. that "no manner of person, of what condition or degree he be, take or cause to be taken, be it upon his own grounde or any other man's, the egges of any faucon, goshawk, lauers, or swans, out of the nest, upon paine of imprisonment of a yere and a day, and fine at the King's will, one halfe thereof to the King and the other halfe to the owner of the ground where the egges were so taken;" and the swan is still said to be a bird Royal, in which no subject

can have property when at large in a public river or creek, except by grant of the Crown. In creating this privilege the Crown grants a swan-mark for a game of swans, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth upwards of 900 corporations and individuals had their distinct swan-marks. Our author has given an illustration of swan-hopping, which we insert, with his own description of the usual mode of catching and marking the birds.

"Two of the London companies have games of swans—the Dyers' and the Vintners' Company—and are, with the Crown, the principal owners of swans on the Thames. In August, 1841, the Queen had 232, the Dyers' 105, and the Vintners' 100 swans in the river. Formerly the Vintners' alone had 500. The swan-mark of the Dyers' Company is a notch, called a nick, on one side of the beak. The swans of the Vintners' Company, being notched on each side of the beak, are jocularly called 'swans with two necks,' a term which has long been used as a sign by one of the large inns in London.

"On the first Monday in August in every year the swan-marker of the Crown and the two companies of the City of London go up the river for the purpose of inspecting and taking an account of the swans belonging to their respective employers and marking the young birds. In ancient documents this annual expedition is called swan-upping, and the persons employed are denominated swan-uppers. These designations have been popularly corrupted into swan-hopping and swan-hoppers. Without prescription, all unmarked white swans in an open river belong to the Crown by prerogative. Consequently any brood, belonging to either of the City companies, be overlooked by the markers one year it becomes thereafter Royal property. This probably accounts for the fact of the number of birds belonging to the Queen exceeding that of the Dyers



RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE.

and Vintners put together. The swan-hopping is taken advantage of by many members of the two companies, who, with a party of their friends, make it the occasion of a pleasant three days' excursion up the river. They either accompany or precede the actual markers of the swans, stopping for the night at Staines, Taplow, and Henley. At the present date they travel in a boat-house, towed by horses; formerly the old City barges, now moored at Oxford, were used, with their double banks of rowers." The engraving shows the manner of catching and collecting the birds, when the creatures' legs are tied together over their backs. The way in which the swans are handled seems to a looker-on somewhat barbarous. The "nicking" of the beaks is done with a penknife, which causes the blood to flow slightly, and the cygnets have their immature wings clipped, and the blood stanch'd with tar. Removing the last joint is termed "pinioning." The swan feeds on aquatic weeds, the spawn of fish, and coarse grass growing by the sides of the water. It is furnished with a gizzard of extraordinary muscular power, which enables it to grind the weeds, however fine, to a pulp. Each family of swans on the river has its own district; and if the limits of that district are encroached upon by other swans, a pursuit immediately takes place and the intruders are driven away.

All writers agree that the swan is very long-lived, some saying that it attains thirty years, while others assert that it sometimes survives a century.

Man comes and tills the earth and lies beneath,  
And after many a summer dies the swan.

Our author has much interesting matter to tell us about the fish and wild-fowl of all kinds that are to be found amid the sedges and flags of the river-side, and his advice to anglers appears to be practical and to the point.

His sketches are true to nature, and the engraver (Mr. W. J. Palmer) has done ample justice to them. To conclude, we have read this beautiful and interesting book with the greatest pleasure, and we feel sure that it will be generally acceptable to old and young of both sexes, as well as deserving a place on every drawing-room table.

*Baily's Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.* A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill. The February number of this serial continues to maintain its high status, and contains much interesting and amusing matter. The frontispiece is an admirable portrait of the Earl of Pembroke, son of the late Sydney Herbert, who, during his brief career at the War Office, effected so much real good that we have hardly yet reconciled ourselves to his loss. His biography follows; and few of our readers need to be reminded of those brilliant "South Sea Bubbles" that were blown by the Earl and the Doctor, in which the charming scenes of the Southern Seas were described. On the Earl's return home in 1871 he took up his residence at Wilton, and became master of the Wilton Harriers, presented to him by that veteran sportsman Mr. Walter Flower. Lord Pembroke had indeed been a master of harriers at an early age, for when he was thirteen he had a pack which he hunted, with his two younger brothers as whips; and great was the sport they enjoyed over the Wiltshire downs. Of shooting of all kinds he is extremely fond; and, as he killed fifty-one brace of partridges early in September to his own gun, without any artificial assistance such as driving, &c., he must be considered a very fair shot.

"Amphion" follows with a spirited article upon "The Turf in Ireland," and then we have a continuation of "Country Quarters," giving a capital account of the Essex Stag-hounds. Next comes a very interesting paper, "Mr. Lefevre on the Game Laws," from which we take the following extract :—

But from a teacher of political economy our author becomes a mentor, or, as Mr. Squers described himself, "a headcator of youth." Hundreds of young men, he tells us, are ruined by sport. The country is not large enough for them; they ransom the world; they roam over the world; they go to India and Central Africa in quest only of game; and, continues our author, lashing himself into a frenzy so fine that it spurns the rules of composition, "all this enterprise and activity is thrown away upon the most useless sport, without leaving a trace of any benefit to the actor or the world." We have heard of young men—and, for that matter, old men—being ruined by gambling, by drinking, by smoking, by loving not wisely but too well, and even by not wearing flannel next the skin, but never, until we read Mr. Lefevre's pamphlet, by the pursuit of game,

little and big. The belief that this country is not large enough for them—in other words, the love of travel and adventure—has never, until this brochure appeared, been imputed to Englishmen as a sin. It has, on the contrary, been deemed to be that noble characteristic of the nation which has led it to colonise, to extend its navy, its commerce, and its dominion into the uttermost parts of the earth. What would England have been if Englishmen had been content with the boundary of the four seas? *Dat veniam corvis.* Nothing that a sportsman can do seems right in the eyes of Mr. Lefevre. That "thrusting outwards" which has made our country the foremost amongst the nations of the earth, and which has colonised and civilised America, Australia, and New Zealand, is sneered at under the phrase, "This country is not large enough for them." There is something worse, we take leave to tell Mr. Lefevre, than feeling that the country is not large enough for us, and that is, feeling that we are not large enough for the country—that our sight is so oblique and our heart so small that we cannot sympathise with the spirit of an Englishman! Even if sportsmen range the world in quest of sport, and penetrate into the centre of Africa and the topmost ranges of the Indian hills, what harm do they inflict on anybody? Certainly none upon the natives of those regions, who are only too glad to welcome them, to share their sport, and receive their pay. Certainly none upon themselves, unless sounder health, strengthened nerves, and sweeter sleep be reckoned curses. Does Mr. Lefevre mean that mainly exercise is unnecessary, or that it can only be taken safely on the pavement of Regent-street or in Rotten Row? But sport is "useless," continues Mr. Lefevre, "it has done nothing for science. It may be doubted," he says, "whether the sportsmen of England have contributed a single fact of any importance to science or to natural history." Of course, anything "may be doubted," as nearly everything is doubted nowadays. If, however, Mr. Lefevre had extended his researches even as far as the Zoological Gardens, which is not postulating very much, he would have seen some of the contributions of sportsmen towards zoology. If he had ever condescended to glance at the *Field* or at *Land and Water* he would have seen that, in journals devoted to sport, and supported entirely by sportsmen, such writers as Buckland, Francis, Pennell, and the like, contribute not inconsiderably to the advance of science and the wealth of their country, as well as of natural history. If he had ever deigned to peruse the biography of a sportsman he might have read that perhaps the greatest sportsman of the present century, Assheton Smith, discovered the principle of the wave-line, as applied to shipbuilding (of which, however, it may be that the late

Secretary of the Admiralty has never heard), besides managing, with the utmost success, the largest slate-quarries in Wales. These are a few, and only a few, of the many instances of incidental aid given by sport and sportsmen to science. We admit that which is self-evident, that the object of sport is healthful recreation and excitement, and that it is not undertaken in the interests of science. We should be quite prepared to defend its followers, even if sport were utterly useless to science; but we maintain that the statement of Mr. Lefevre is not only irrelevant, but also unfounded; and that the sportsman, whilst professing to do neither, has really done much to help both.

The Old Shekarry follows with an episode of sport in the Italian Alps; and from the "Van," which is brilliant as ever, we extract the following funny story:—

There never will be a lack of good and true stories relating to Devonshire parsons; but the "Van" would have difficulty in containing a better one than that of the Rev. Joe Jeykell, to which he owned; indeed his sporting neighbour of hunting fame can vouch for its truth. Out shooting one September, he told his companion that he must leave him just for a short hour to wed a happy pair at Hawkridge Church. Precisely at half-past eleven the parson met them; but he had fired a long shot after leaving his friend, and the result was in his pocket. Half through the service a great noise and flapping were heard, and from the officiator's coat tumbled a partridge, which, pitching just inside the altar-rails, scrabbled through them, made a sort of semi-fly, and dropped some half dozen yards off. The consternation of the actors in the real scene was somewhat modified by the zealous clerk's comforting assurance, "Doant 'e mind, Muster Jeykell, I've marked 'un down up to 't Squire's pew."

*John Lillywhite's Cricketers' Companion for 1875.* A melancholy interest attaches to this, the thirty-first edition of the well-known "Companion," a work that is known and liked and referred to with implicit confidence wherever the noble English game is played. John Lillywhite died ere the book in which he took such pardonable pride went to press. He was, indeed, cutting out the work for one of his regular contributors when he was stricken down with the malady that ended in his death on Oct. 27, 1874, at the early age of forty-seven. The edition before us opens with a brief but becoming tribute to his memory. "Few words," indeed, "are required to convey the last tribute of respect to the memory of one whose friendship was cherished by all communities of cricketers," so that the expression of those words be actuated by a feeling of genuine kindness and esteem. To those who knew him best it will savour almost of insult to speak of the "integrity of his character;" but everybody who had the privilege of his acquaintance will re-echo the sentiments which are embodied in the following sentences, with which the tribute of respect we have already quoted from concludes. "Frank, cheerful, and generous, he made many friends, but never an enemy; and his name will be passed down to future generations of cricketers as that of one whose thirty years' connection with the game won for him the esteem of all."

It cannot be too widely known to cricketers of every grade that the extensive business, of which the "Companion" is no inconsiderable fruit, will be carried on by the two sons of the late John Lillywhite, and will be managed, as heretofore, by Mr. A. W. Fenner. The "Companion" is some fortnight or three weeks later than usual in making its appearance, a tardiness easily accounted for—but we do not imagine that its popularity will suffer in the least in consequence. The contents are, if possible, more varied than in former years. Those include a remarkably fair paper on "Cricket and Cricketers in 1874," a vivid description of "Our Australian Tour," by "One of the Twelve," whom it is not difficult to identify; a review of the doings of the M.C.C. in 1874, by a member; "Public School Cricket," by Mr. P. M. Thornton; "Cricket in the Colonies," by a wandering secretary; "Scottish Cricket," together with careful and exhaustive reviews of the county and M.C.C. matches, and histories—for they are nothing less—of the University, Public Schools, and other matches in 1874. The tables of averages are remarkably complete; ample justice is done to cricket curiosities; the exploits of the lions of the season—Mr. W. G. Grace and Jupp—are fully set forth; and, in fine, the book is in every essential what it professes to be—a perfectly trustworthy guide and an invaluable "companion."

*Chapters on Animals.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton; with twenty etchings by J. Veyrassat and Carl Bodmer. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street. The author of this exceedingly interesting work is evidently a keen observer as well as a versatile scholar, for he describes much that is new of the character and habits of different animals in a very graphic and entertaining manner. In the opening chapter he tells us that the study of animals inclines men to a steady cheerfulness. All naturalists are cheerful men, unless there is something peculiarly sad or painful in the individual lot; and even then the study of natural history has in many instances been known to supply an interest which enabled the sufferer to bear his affliction more easily. The contemplation of animal life may act at once as a stimulus and an anodyne. The abounding vitality of animals communicates a strong stimulus to those energies which we have in common with them; whilst, on the other hand, their absolute incapacity for sharing our higher intellectual vitality has a tendency to make us, happily, forget it in their presence. The author appears to write from personal observation and actual experience, and describes what he has seen rather than what other writers have recorded. The description of the contrast between a cavalry trooper's horse upon the parade-ground and the field of battle is true to life, and we give it in his own words: "The peaceful inhabitants of London have ideas about cavalry horses which would be greatly modified by a week's experience of Continental warfare. The glories of the war-horse are seen in their highest perfection in that prosperous and peaceful capital of England where the thunder of an enemy's cannon has never yet been heard. The English household troops are the ideal cavalry, good in service on the field of serious conflict, but especially and peculiarly admirable as a spectacle. The boy's ideal of the war-horse is that coal-black silken coated charger that bears the helmeted cuirassier, and all those glittering arms and ornaments dazzle the imagination and fill the martial dreams of youth. Well, it is very fine, very beautiful, and we like to see the Royal Guards flashing past after the Court carriages; but last winter I saw another sight, and renounced the boy's ideal. The armies of Chanzy had been defeated on the Loire, and their broken remnants passed as they could to join the desperate enterprise of Bourbaki for the relief of Belfort. In the depth of that terrible winter, the roads covered with snow, with a bitter wind sweeping across the country from the east, and every waterfall a pillar of massive ice, there came 2000 or 3000 horsemen from those disastrous battle-fields. Slowly they passed over the hills that divide the eastern from the western rivers, an irregular procession broken by great intervals, so that we always thought no more of them were coming, yet others followed, straggling in melancholy groups. What a contrast to the brilliance of a review! How different from the marching-past when the Emperor sat in his embroidery on the Champ de Mars and the glittering hosts swept before him, saluting with polished swords! Ah! these horsemen came from

another and a bloodier field of Mars; they had been doing the rough work of the war god, and bore the signs of it! The brass of their helmets shone no more than the dull leopard-skin beneath it; the lances had poles without pennons, the bits and stirrups were rusty, and the horses were encumbered with tins and pans for rude cookery, and bundles of hay and coarse coverings for the bitter bivouac. Here and there a wearied brute was led slowly by a merciful master; a few were still suffering from wounds; all were meagre and over-worked; not one had been groomed for weeks. Yet here, I said, as the weary troops passed by and others like them loomed in grey masses as they approached through the fallen snow;—here, and not on the brilliant parade-ground—now, in this busy harvest-time of death, not then, in the lightness of their leisure—are the battle-steeds most sublime. All the fopperies of soldiering had been rubbed away by the rough hand of implacable Necessity; but, instead of them, what a moving pathos! What grandeur of patient endurance!" Artists who have never seen war are usually very particular about spots of light on stirrup and bit, and about the various inventions of the military clothier; but Veyrassat, in his etchings, has told his tale very plainly by the expression of the two heads and bodies, the dead horse lying like what he is—a mere heap of unconscious carrion; the wounded one vainly endeavouring to rise, and neighing to his departing friends which he will accompany no more. Horses feel these separations more than they feel any separation from friend or master, so that this is a touch of nature. A dog would have been occupied in passionate outbreaks of lamentation for his master lying stretched there on the turf, and would have neither followed, nor thought of following, any living being; but the horse forms his friendships amongst creatures of his own kind. Not to be able to go along with his old comrades, to be fixed to one spot of turf by a shattered limb whilst they are galloping to the horizon, must be the most cruel pain that this creature can ever suffer in his sentiments and affections.

The etchings are admirably executed and true to nature; and a more amusing, interesting, and delightful volume has not been issued from the press for many a day, or one in which the author has proved himself so painstaking and agreeable a chronicler of the inner life of the brute creation.

*Oriental Zig-Zag; or, Wanderings in Syria, Moab, Abyssinia, and Egypt.* By Charles Hamilton. With Illustrations by Fritz Wallis. Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. The main impression produced on our mind after the perusal of this work is that Egypt is decidedly worse governed than ever Spain was; and, if Mr. Hamilton's account be true, the present Viceroy is a more cruel despot than any European potentate we have ever read of. It has always been a very doubtful question to all who know anything about Egyptian affairs as to whether the Khédive ever really meant to suppress slavery in his dominions, as it has always been, directly and indirectly, his chief source of income. The Viceroy himself is the principal trader, the chief carrier both by land and sea, and the chief producer of inland products in Egypt, and nine tenths of his traffic is carried on by slaves or forced labour. Is he, then, likely to wish to suppress slavery?

The author certainly does not seem to anticipate any advantage or benefit from the Viceroy's recent annexation of territory, for he thus writes:—"I saw several large herds of cattle, the increased productiveness of which is already arrested by the greedy policy of the Viceroy, who lays burdens upon the people which they are quite unable to bear. It is but the repetition of the old story—Taxes! taxes! taxes! It is simply impossible that they can be met; they are out of all proportion to the ability of the people to discharge them; and when taxes are collected years in advance, what but overwhelming ruin can be anticipated? In default of payment—which, under the circumstances, cannot be made—seizure of the cattle takes place. They are slaughtered only with a view of obtaining their hides, which fetch a Napoleon apiece at Suez, and their carcasses are left to putrid waste. No possible fertility can repair such frightful ravages. The drain upon the stock of cattle has begun to tell severely; signs of impoverishment are everywhere visible; and the arrival of strangers near their huts is regarded by the inhabitants as synonymous with the design of seizing their cattle. Nor does the oppression take only that form, heavy and disastrous as it unquestionably is. Despotism holds nothing sacred. Property is recognised in no shape whatever. Even the domestic hearth is ruthlessly invaded; and it is a well-authenticated fact that Egyptian troops in bands of five or six enter the huts of these defenceless Abyssinians, and, selecting boys or girls, forcibly remove them from their homes, appropriating them to themselves as slaves or concubines. The relentless course of terrorism thus established already bears fruit in the obvious demoralisation of the natives. From a race of hardy, high-spirited savages they rapidly degenerate into a skulking, cowed people. Such are the ethnological results of the benign rule of his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt."

Our author tells us some very queer stories about the doings of the Viceroy which certainly were unknown in England when he visited the British Court, or he would have met with a different reception. We give the account in the author's own words:—"Not far from Tanta occurred the notorious railway 'accident' on the Nile, which really was a conspiracy to rid the state of a number of Pachas whose increase of power had rendered them objectionable. The Nile on that occasion was at its highest, and at a point judiciously selected in crossing the bridge, the train, ingeniously disconnected from the engine, was overturned, when the predestined victims were drowned, all save one, who, being a good swimmer (he was educated at Malta), disengaged himself from the carriage in which he was locked in with others, and, diving, saved his life. Of course, the Italian engineers, who did not sacrifice themselves, were officially blamed, and left Egypt for a year or two; but when the affair blew over they quietly returned, and were received with honour."

To those who meditate investment in the "New Egyptian Loans," the following excerpt may be full of instruction:—"The Viceroy is trying to raise a loan here (in his own country) amongst the natives. For as low as £5 he offers interest of about four shillings per month; but the loan is for ever; the principal never to be returned. But it does not answer. Although it is a despotic Government, the people are not so green as that."

His latest circular was to this effect:—"Any soldier deserting, his father or friends shall pay £150 sterling; but, if they like to buy him out, £100 is the sum required." Now, soldiers here are pressed; consequently there is a great dread of soldiering. The soldier, therefore, has only to say to his friends, 'If you don't buy me off, I'll run away.' See the amount of money to be collected this way by the Government. It beats loans at 10 per cent; and he gets fresh recruits as fast as he likes to send the orders for any number."

This is not a very hopeful state of affairs, either for philanthropists or those who have speculated in Egyptian loans; and, if Mr. Hamilton's accounts are true, the British Government seems to have been entirely hoodwinked by "Eastern

diplomacy;" and our officials have made a false move in assisting and countenancing this wholesale annexation of new provinces to Egyptian rule. Besides illustrations of social life in the East, Mr. Hamilton has enriched his work with several excellent sketches of the different places he has visited, which give a very fair idea of the country.

#### EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

In point of general merit this, the eleventh, exhibition of the Dudley Gallery is superior to most of its predecessors. Landscape is especially strong, and, if there is nothing particularly great or even novel among the figure-subjects, let us be thankful that failings which lean to the side of conventionalism and tameness make fewer claims on our indulgence than those eccentric excursions into the inscrutable that have been, at irregular periods, so daringly illustrated in this gallery. The comet has shed its tail and become a star—a fixed star—of growing repute. In despite of the Institute, the Society, and mighty Burlington House over the way (there must be a number of artists engaged in preparing for the "May meetings" there who would otherwise have enriched the walls of the Egyptian Hall gallery)—we say, in despite of these potent rivalries the Dudley manages to more than maintain its normal position amongst the leading exhibitions of the year. Leaving out of the question Professor Poynter's contributions, about the merits of one of which the doctors may be fairly allowed to disagree, the catalogue contains half a dozen names that would confer distinction on any exhibition, particularly if, as is the case in the present instance, those names were represented by some of the best work ever accomplished by the owners thereof. Mr. Hamilton Macallum was never seen to greater advantage than he is here. Mr. Heywood Hardy is represented by a drawing which, in respect of easy power and the subtle knowledge it betrays of bird nature, is more like a Landseer than any work he has yet exhibited. Mr. Henry Moore's calm in the Mediterranean is a deliciously poetical, and with singularly true, drawing. Messrs. Joseph Knight, J. C. Moore, E. A. Waterlow, A. Severn, F. G. Cotman, Tom Lloyd, Mark Fisher, and several others are strongly represented; and in the result the exhibition is, as we said at the outset, above the average as a whole, and singularly excellent in landscape. But enough of generalising.

There are no fewer than 608 drawings exhibited, and one piece of sculpture, by Mr. F. Junek. The latter is a bust of a girl "making a lip," poutingly, for the reception of a piece of fruit. We have seen drawings we liked better than Mr. T. J. Watson's "Old Mill in Jesmond Dene, Northumberland" (4); but the spot has peculiar charms to us, and here and there in this work we see Mr. Watson at his best. "The Removal of the Lion from Northumberland House, July, 1874" (15), by Miss Turck, is an interesting memento of what may be termed an historical event. His Grace of Alnwick—or shall we say the proprietor of the *Newcastle Daily Journal*?—ought to become the purchaser. "Moonlight at the Bass Rock, Scotland" (27), by Mr. J. Cassie, is worthy of a member, or rather an associate, of the Royal Scottish Academy; but it misses the "poetry" which might have been considered inseparable from such a treatment of the theme. Mr. R. Bodkin has scored a distinct success in "Golden Autumn" (28)—an agreeable drawing, carefully made out in every part, yet broad and effective withal, of a group of farm-buildings bathed in the beams of sunset. As a simple essay in effect this would have passed muster, if even the artist had not drawn the animals that lend life to the scene so effectively. "Afternoon—Cardigan Bay" (38), by Mr. Henry Moore, is a powerful representation of a rainstorm sweeping shoreward across the sea by one who is probably excelled by no living artist in this line of art. "Mist Rising Over the Sea" (48) is another happy example of his vivid manner, and "After Sunset—Normanby" (59) another; but all three must yield to the drawing mentioned in our opening remarks.

Visitors to the last Dudley Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures in oil will doubtless call to mind a picture by him of the Mediterranean in an angry mood, a simple study of storm-lashed billows. It would be impossible to desire a more delightful pendant to that unique work than "Calm—Mediterranean" (303), a far-reaching expanse of blue, tranquil sea. What may be termed the anatomy of the waves is most skilfully expressed, and the colour of the entire work is charming. Hereafter Mr. Moore's "Calm" will be remembered as one of his most triumphant essays in sea-painting. "Wargrave Church, from the Thames," by Mr. F. G. Cotman (44), will very much advance the reputation of the "historical" medallist of the Royal Academy as a painter of landscape. There is no more complete work in the exhibition. The swirling "backwater," the tall reeds, the groups of leafless trees and cold sky which form a poetical setting to the quaint roof and tower of the distant church are most truthfully rendered. Mr. Cotman's other works are full of the right kind of quality, and admirably drawn. Pretty as a drawing is Mr. F. Walton's bit of spring (50), described in four lines of a very old English ditty; we have seen works from his pencil we liked better. It would, however, be impossible to speak in too high terms of Mr. Macallum's drawings. One of them, a group of fishermen in a boat catching sprats, is a marvel of force and brilliancy. The eye travels with delight from the ruddy fishermen and glittering fish, in "the foreground," across miles of sunlit water—painted as few besides Mr. Macallum could paint it. The artist has made a great stride—or shall we say recovery?—since last he exhibited. "Silk-Winding on the Lake of Como" (59), by Mr. Charles Earle, is an agreeable little picture; while "Preparing for Petermas Fair, Peterborough" (60), by Louise Rayner, deserved a better place than has been accorded it. "The Fountain" (65), by Mr. W. Pilsbury; "San Pietro, Venice," by Mr. Pilleau; "Ballantrae, Ayrshire," by Mr. J. O. Long; and "He Loves Me—he Loves Me Not!" (72)—how often has this subject been painted, we wonder?—by Mr. A. Hill, are a group of drawings that deserve hearty commendation for a variety of reasons. Both Mr. Long and Mr. Hill have advanced, the former especially. One of his drawings—a boat in a sunny bay—is a perfect gem.

**BALDOYLE MEETING.**—Cigar and Night Thought have been struck out of the Metropolitan Plate, and Acrostic out of the Howth Spring Cup.

**THE OBJECTION TO JACK.**—After winning the Doncaster Steeplechase on Monday, Jack was objected to on the ground of foul riding, and after an investigation, the stewards decided in his favour because the alleged misconduct occurred so far from home that the chance of Caonoustie in their opinion was not jeopardised. They, however, fined the rider of Jack £10 and prohibited him from riding on the second day.

**SPENNYMOOR STEEPELCHASES.**—A meeting has been arranged to be held on Whit-Monday, May 17, over Mr. Gardner's new course at Tudhoe Park, when £127 will be added to six stakes—viz., the Spennymoor Hunt Steeplechase, Maiden Hunters' Steeplechase, Hunters' Steeplechase, Pony Steeplechase, and two Consolation scrambles.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, dated July 21, 1874, of Mr. John Mitchell, late of Coppins, Iver-heath, Bucks, of No. 33, Old Bond-street, and of No. 10, Bolton-street, Piccadilly, who died on Dec. 11 last, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Henry Ludlam, William Seabrook, and William Vokins, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £70,000. The testator bequeaths to the Prince of Wales the clock presented to him by the present Duke of Wellington, formerly the property of the late Duke; and to the Princess of Wales the small marble bust of the Queen by Professor Boehm (the only one executed, as stated, by her Majesty's permission), as a humble acknowledgment of their Royal Highnesses' goodness to him. There are specific bequests of the testimonial presented to him at the St. James's Theatre, and of the articles given to him by King Louis Philippe, the Duke of Brunswick, the Emperor Napoleon III., Mr. George Peabody, the Napaulese Ambassador, and Prince Demidoff to his son and two daughters; the snuffbox formerly belonging to Sir Henry Bishop he gives to Sir Julius Benedict. He gives numerous legacies to friends and relatives to purchase souvenirs of him, to his executors, to many of his late and present servants, and to all the persons in the employ of his partnership; to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, £100; to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent-road), the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), and the Cottage Hospital (Iver), £50 each; to the boys' and girls' schools, Iver, and the boys' and girls' schools for the district of Iver-heath, £25 each; and to his daughters, Mrs. Clara Parnell and Mrs. Emily Ellis, £5000 each. All the specific and pecuniary legacies are given free of duty. His real estate testator devises upon trust for sale, and the proceeds thereof and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son, George John Mitchell.

The will, dated March 26, 1874, of the Rev. William Hill, late of Lansdowne-villas, Springfield-road, Cotham, Bristol, Baptist minister, who died on Nov. 11 last, has been proved at the district registry, Bristol, by Emerson Geerish and Thomas Bowbeer, the executors, under £3000. After the death of his wife he gives to the Society for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers, instituted in Bath, 1816, and to the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, each £100. The testator directs "the payment of all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, as soon as conveniently may be after my departure to heaven; but, as this is to be my final public document, I shall here record my detestation of all State establishments of religion, believing them to be anti-scriptural and soul-ruining. I have for years prayed the King of Zion to overthrow the politico-ecclesiastical establishment of the British Empire, and I leave the world with a full conviction that such prayer must ere long be answered. I thirst to see the Church brought down, the Church by man set up, for millions are by it lead on to drink a bitter cup. I desire all posterity to know that William Hill was a conscientious Trinitarian Baptist Minister, and that he believed infant sprinkling to be from his Satanic Majesty, the keystone of Popery, therefore the parent of unnumbered terrible evils; this delusion must also pass away at the Divinely-appointed time, and the immersion of believers, as plainly taught by the Great Teacher, the Holy Ghost, and the Apostles, shall one day universally triumph. Man says, some water in the face, and that before the child has grace, is what is meant in Jesus' word, by being buried in the Lord. The deadly drinking customs of professors and non-professors are likewise doomed. Heaven dash all error, sin, and the devil from the earth, and cause truth, holiness, and Christ everywhere to prevail—Amen."

The will of Mr. James Thomas Jefferiss, of Bushey-hill-terrace, Camberwell, was proved on the 10th inst. by his widow and his son, the executors. It contains the following charitable legacies, all to be paid free of duty:—To the trustees of the Rev. C. Simeon, £500; the Butchers' Charitable Institution, £200; the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church and Continental Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, each £100; the London City Mission, and the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, £50; the Early Morning Lecture at St. Swithin's, London Stone, £20. The will also contains a bequest of £1000, the income to be distributed, in the discretion of the trustees, between the following charities—the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics, the City of London Truss Society, the Church Association, the Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day, the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, the Royal Maternity Charity, and the Ragged School Union.

(From the Illustrated London News, Feb. 20, 1875.)

## ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THOUGH no meetings have yet been held in London, athletes at both the Universities are hard at work. No very grand performances have yet been accomplished, but we note that T. R. Hewitt, an old "light blue," is apparently in his very best form, as, after carrying off the Strangers' Mile Handicap at Trinity Hall, he ran from scratch in the University Mile Handicap, and won easily in 4 min. 36 2-5th sec. The path was very heavy, so the performance was a really fine one; and E. A. Sandford, the Oxford crack, who also started from scratch, was beaten by about forty yards.

We alluded last week to the plan of stamping the prizes of the London Athletic Club as first and second class. The former will be given to those who win handicaps—framed on the Sheffield principle—with not more than the following starts:—

In 100, 120, and 150 yards races, 8 yards start; 180, 10; 200, 12; 220, 14; 250, 15; 300, 18; 440, 25; 600, 27; 880, 35; 1000, 42; 1 mile, 90; 1½, 140; 2, 200; 3, 45 secs. start; 4, 75.

SKATING-MATCH.—A skating-match from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, for 500 roubles, was won the other day by M. Saxine, against M. Ložovsky. Each skater was prohibited from resting more than five minutes after every hour, the bet being for him who first arrived.

ACCIDENT TO A STABLE LAD AT EPSOM.—A very bad accident happened to one of Jones's stable lads on Friday week while practising a few horses over the jumps on his private steeple-chase grounds. Thomas Petley was riding Zouave (brother to The Lamb), when the horse overjumped himself and fell on him, dislocating his collar-bone and otherwise injuring the lad.

MR. E. P. HINGSTON.—This gentleman, who, besides his long and honourable connection with the theatrical profession, is favourably known to the public as a *littérateur* of graceful and versatile talent, has, unhappily, been compelled, through ill-health, to retire from the position of manager of the Criterion Theatre. His numerous friends have resolved to offer him a testimonial in the form of a benefit, and it has been arranged that the performance, in which many distinguished artists will co-operate, shall take place in the afternoon of Thursday, March 4, at Drury-Lane Theatre, Mr. Chatterton having, with characteristic generosity, placed the house at the disposal of the committee for that purpose. Mr. C. W. Thompson is acting as honorary secretary of this meritorious movement, which may well be commended to the favourable consideration of the playgoing public.

MUSIC COPYRIGHTS.—The sale by auction of the stock of music-plates and copyrights of Messrs. Hopwood and Crew, just concluded by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leicester-square, in which the music trade and profession generally have taken considerable interest, is remarkable for the large, and in many cases extraordinary, prices obtained. Among the more prominent may be cited Blanpin's "Dreaming of angels," £63 16s., and "Just touch the harp gently," £113 15s. (Brewer), and "Pretty swallow," £69 (J. Williams). Signor Campana's "Speak to me," £110 (Chappell). "The Scout," which song, rendered famous by the singing of Mr. Santley, after a spirited competition, fell to Mr. Morley, jun., at the large sum of £312. Clifton, H., "As welcome as the flowers in May," £72; "It's really very singular," £82 10s. (Metzler). Coote, C., "Archery Galop," £96; "Awfully Jolly Waltz," £94 10s.; "Burlesque Valse," £175 10s.; "The Cornflower Waltz," £132 (Ashdown and Parry). Clifton, H., "Pulling hard against the stream," £67 10s.; "Robinson Crusoe," £132; "Where there's a will there's a way," £61 10s.; "Wait for the turn of the tide," £75 (J. Williams). Hobson's "Come sing to me," £83 15s., and "Complaints; or, the Ills of Life," £85 10s. (J. Williams). Howard, R., "You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry," £165 (B. Williams). Coote's "Just Out Galop," £73 12s.; "Pretty Bird Valse," £66 6s. (Chappell). "Prince Imperial Galop" was knocked down to Mr. J. Williams, amidst considerable applause, for £990, the largest price, we believe, ever obtained for a single piece of dance music. Coote's "Sweetly Pretty Valse," £45; Hobson's "Popular Favourites for the Pianoforte," £412 10s.; and Buckley's "Come where the moonbeams linger," £157 10s. (Chappell). Clifton, H., "Very Suspicious," £330 (J. Williams). Clifton, H., "Folly and Fashion," £72 10s. (Ashdown and Parry). Hunt, G. W., "The Belle of the Ball," £90 (Bath). Coote, "The Encore Galop," £122 8s., purchased by the composer. "The Snowdrift Galop," £561, also purchased by Mr. Coote. Coote and Tinney's Ball-room Album," £110 (Chappell). Read, J., "Down by the old mill stream," £78 (Bath). Thomas, J. R., "The birds will come again," £153 (J. Williams). Vane, B., "I never was meant for the sea," £85 (Bath). "Fizz Galop," by Tinney, £76 14s. (Chappell). "Robert Coote's Ball-Room Guide," £105 (Willey). Total, nearly £15,000.

XENIUS COLT was sold to Mr. Tyler, of Birmingham, and has left Hedgesford.

SUSAN.—This useful mare, winner of the Licensed Victuallers' Plate at Doncaster, has been sold to Mr. N. Melbourne for 160 guineas.

THE USK ANNUAL STEEPELCHASES are fixed for Thursday, April 15.

DUFFER has been sold by M. Persent to M. Chapard, and is now under the care of Gibson.—*Le Sport*.

THE Grand Annual Steeplechase Handicap at La Marche will be run on Monday, May 3.

GIFFORD, who can scale 5st 7lb, has been engaged for Mumford's stable at Royston.

JEALOUSY and Mars have left Hall's stables, Middleham, and gone to their owner's at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to be trained.

FAIRY KING, Harry Bluff, Memory, and Bishop of Lincoln have arrived at J. Duggan's, Newmarket, to be trained.

LEWES SPRING MEETING has been fixed for May 14 and 15.

The mare by Orest, dam by Poynton, which ran at Doncaster, has been named Hasty Harriet.

HARBINGER was sold to Lord Aylesford, at Birmingham, and goes to Packington Park, to join Jewitt's lot.

The day fixed for the annual athletic meeting of the Hornsey Cricket Club is Saturday, May 8.

BROMLEY SECOND SPRING MEETING is altered to Monday, April 5, not the 15th, as previously announced.

M. A. DELAMARE has sold Virtuose, by Patricien out of Violet, who has left Chantilly for Abbeville.

VILLAGEOIS, foaled in 1873, by Ventre St. Gris out of Mdille. de Bourg, is withdrawn from training, and went on Monday to Dungu.

On receipt of the intelligence of the death of M. Adolphe Fould, Henry Jennings immediately telegraphed to La Marche to have Mayou withdrawn from the two races in which he was engaged.

COUNT D'EVRY'S Cognac arrived at Cassidy's stables at Chantilly on Monday.

The races at Amiens will be run on Sunday, July 11; those of Perigueux on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 29 and 30; and those at Vesinet and La Marche very probably on the Mondays, April 26 and May 3, and Thursday, May 27.

A PRIVATE steeplechase match for 2000f (£80 each), 500f (£20) ft., one mile seven furlongs, will take place at the next meeting at Vesinet on Monday, April 26, between Capt. Alexander's Quateronne, and Captain Bockandy's Almenèche; weights, 10st 3lb each.—*Le Sport*.

THE OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE AT WORCESTER.—Gazelle (aged, 12st 10lb) and Queen's Guard, the first and second for this race on Tuesday, have been objected to, the former on the score of having had his certificate lodged in time.

THE BERKSHIRE HUNT BALL.—The Hunt ball, given by Mr. Hargreaves, took place at the Townhall, Reading, on Thursday week, when a most brilliant assembly, numbering over 400 guests, were present. The room was exquisitely decorated with draperies of scarlet and white, and on the walls were trophies of foxes' heads and brushes. The whole arrangements were well carried out by Mr. J. Smith, of the Corn Exchange; and the excellent band of Messrs. Coote and Tinney well maintained its popularity.

DEATH OF M. ADOLPHE FOULD.—The French papers announce the death, after a long and painful illness, of M. Adolphe Fould, one of the most active members of the French Jockey Club, and one of the most generous patrons of racing on the Continent. His large fortune enabled him to perform important services to the turf of his native country; his sound judgment gave great weight to his opinions on all questions of importance, and his knowledge of breeding was almost unrivalled. His funeral took place on Monday, and was attended not only by large numbers of those with whom he was associated in the pursuit of sport, but by very many of the most influential individuals in French society. *Le Sport* states that the horses belonging to M. Fould remain qualified for all their engagements with the exception of the Grand Prize of Paris.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB BALL.—The annual ball of the above-named club took place on Monday night at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, and was, as usual, a very large and fashionable assemblage. In order to prevent inconvenience from overcrowding, the number was limited to 400, and pains had been taken by the stewards to secure in every way the comfort of the guests. Dancing commenced at about ten o'clock to Coote and Tinney's band. The supper was presided over by Mr. T. Broadwood, the commodore. Mr. J. S. Earle, the vice-commodore, and other principal officers of the club, including Mr. A. Crosley, the treasurer and chairman of the ball committee, were present, and were assiduous in their attention.

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MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION** by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, FEB. 22, without reserve, the following HORSES, with their engagements, the entire Stud of a Gentleman.—

CLAUDE DUVAL, by Saunterer out of Kate Dayrell (dam of Pirate), by Wild Dayrell, 2 yrs.

COLT by Cambuscans out of Belle of Warwick by Leamington—Blue Bell by Heron, 2 yrs.

LYTTON (late Little Bill), bay colt by Cramond out of Alice by Buccaneer, 3 yrs.

LAMBOURNE, chestnut colt by Sundeelah out of Princess Beatrice by Newminster—El Dorado by Harkaway, 3 yrs.

OLD FASHION, brown mare by d'Estournel out of Eakring, 4 yrs.

CASSOCK, chestnut horse by Thormanby out of Scarf (own brother to Cachimere) by Fazzoletto—Blue Bell by Heron, 5 yrs.

BAY COB (well bred); very handsome.

Engagements will be given in Catalogues.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION** by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, FEB. 22, the following BROOD MARES, STALLION, &c., by order of the Executors of the late Colonel Raymond Snow.

DIVERTISSEMENT, bay mare by Grosvenor out of One Act by Anmandale; covered by Van Amburgh, May, 1874.

WAGTAIL, chestnut mare by Rataplan out of The Lamb by Melbourne; covered again last year by Suspicion.

Both the above are believed to be in foal.

CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT by Suspicion (by Alarm) out of Wagtail by Rataplan, &c.

BEDOUIN, bay Arab stallion.

Both the above are believed to be in foal.

CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT by Suspicion (by Alarm) out of Wagtail by Rataplan, &c.

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**KING OF THE FOREST;** twenty mares, including his owner's, at 30 guineas a mare and 1 guinea to the groom.

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**MERRY SUNSHINE** (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby (winner of the Derby) out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), by Chanticleer out of Sunflower (dam of Sunlight, Crocus, &c.), by Bay Middleton, at 10 guineas a mare, groom's fee included.

Merry Sunshine is a bay horse, standing 16', has great bone, good action, and is sound.

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**NOTICE.—Mr. JOHN PRATT** begs

to intimate that he has taken into PARTNERSHIP Mr. W. H. BARBROOK, who for many years has acted as Messrs. Weatherby's representative, and that their business will in future be carried on under the style and title of Messrs. PRATT and BARBROOK, 28, Conduit-street, London, W.

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